

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 2
DEC.-JAN.



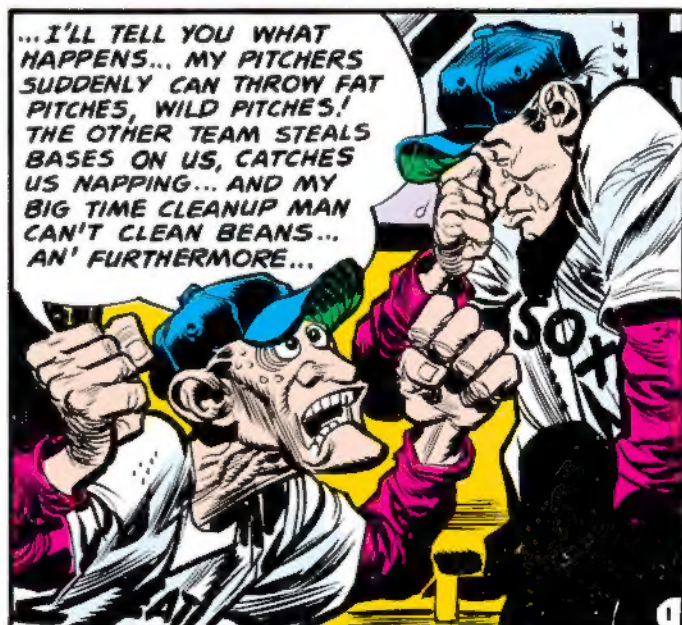
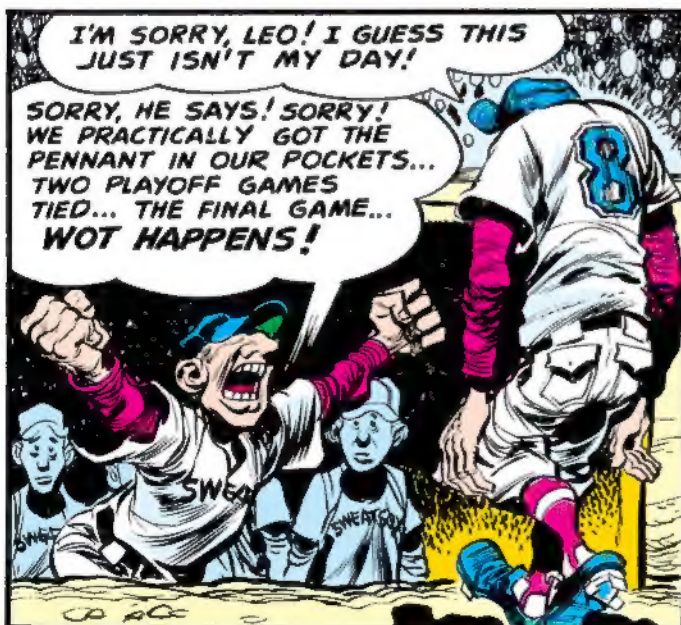
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MAD

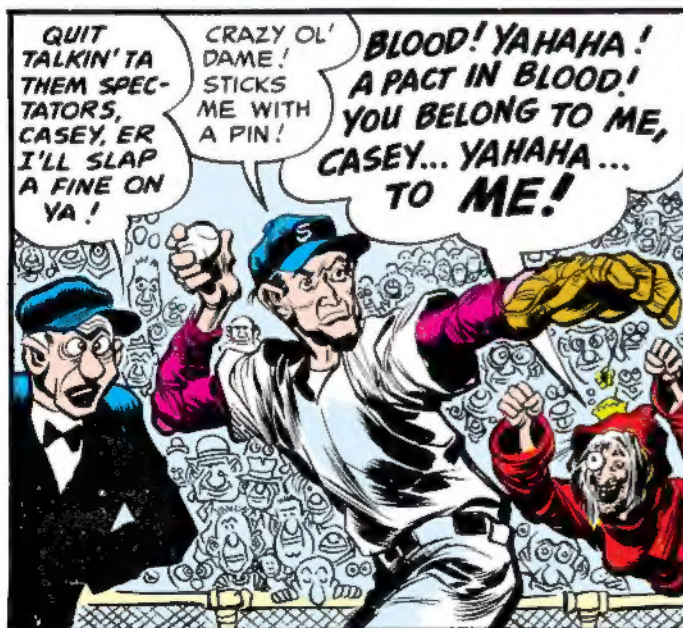
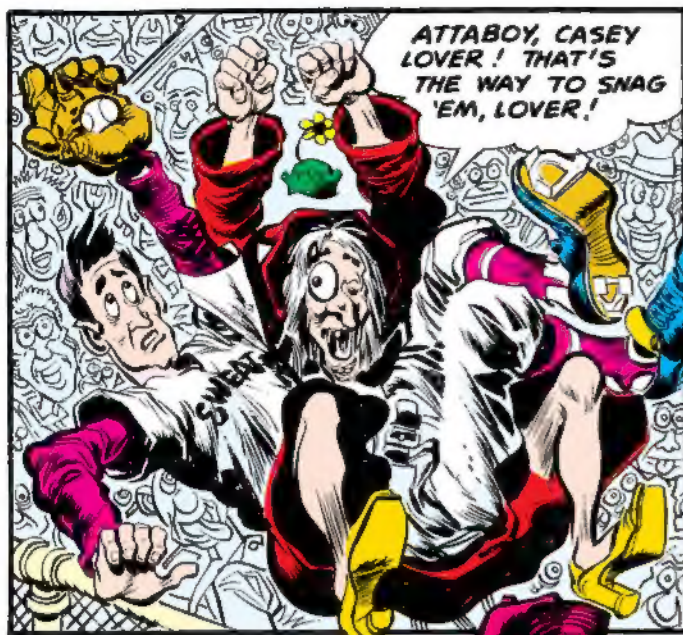
I...I FEEL
IT IN MY
BONES! SOMEONE
IS GIVING
ME THE
EVIL EYE!

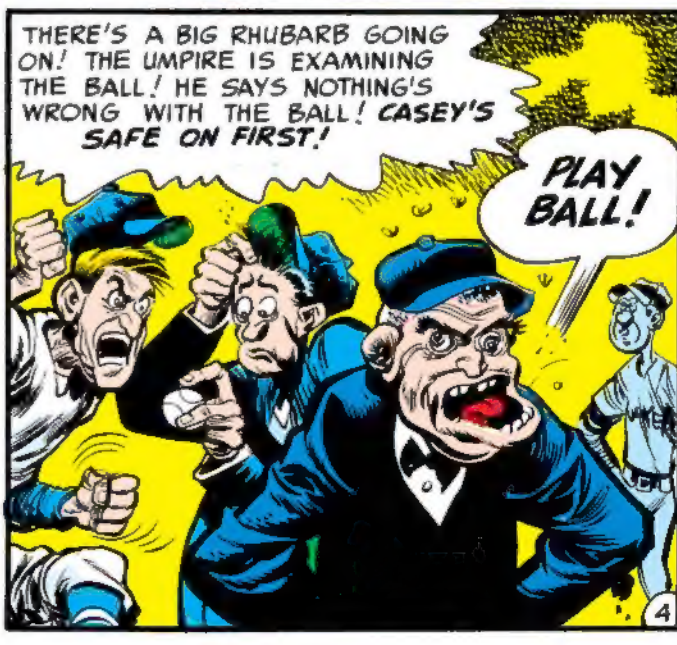
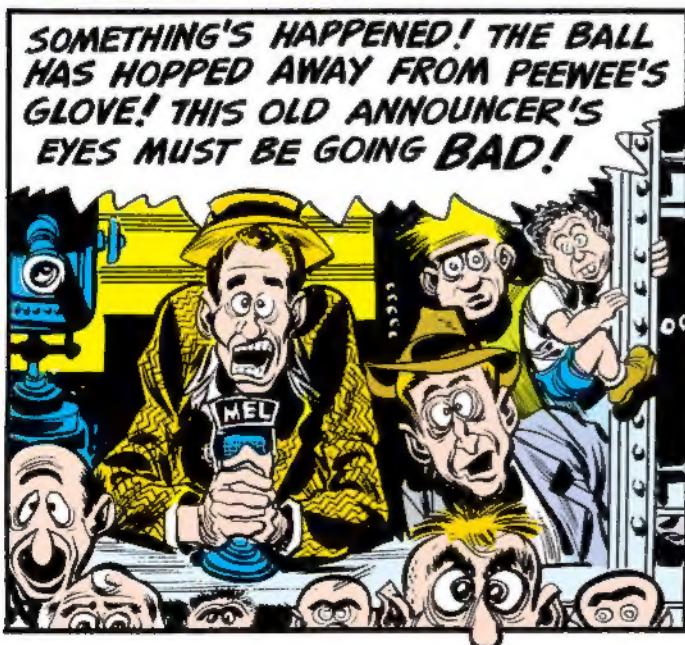
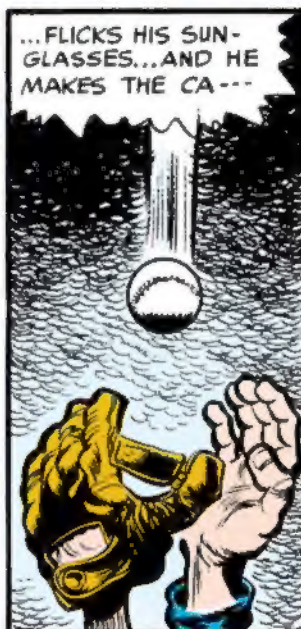
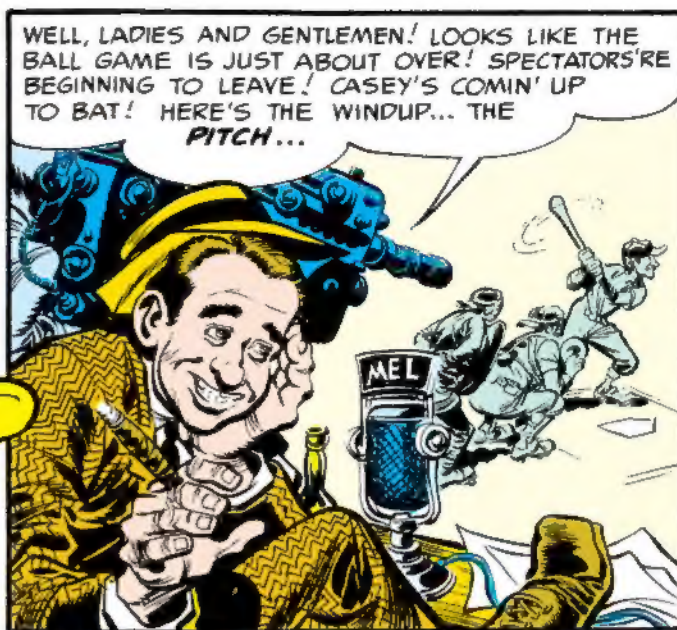


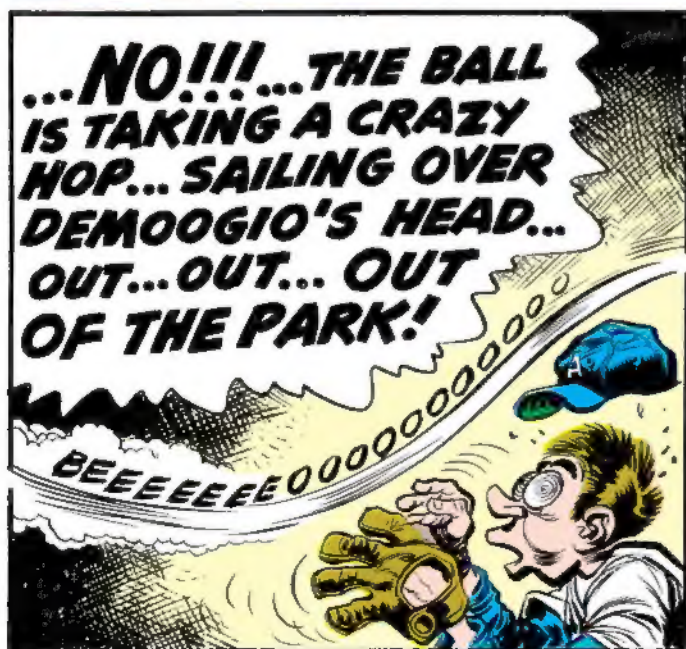
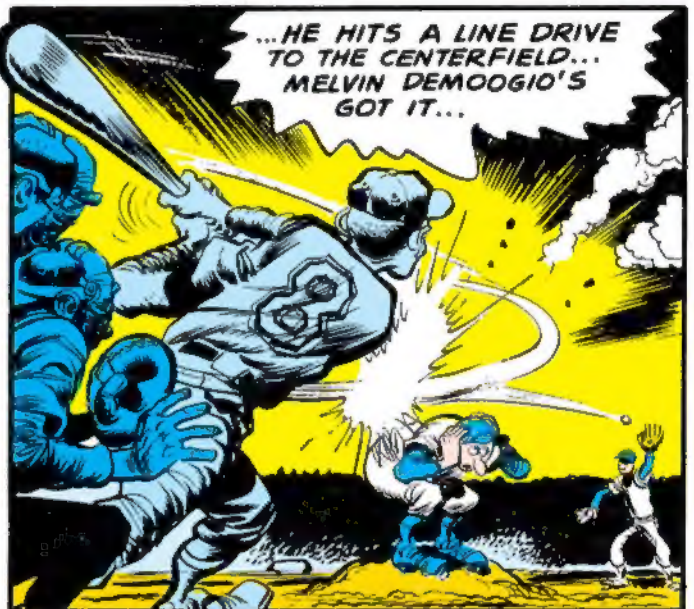
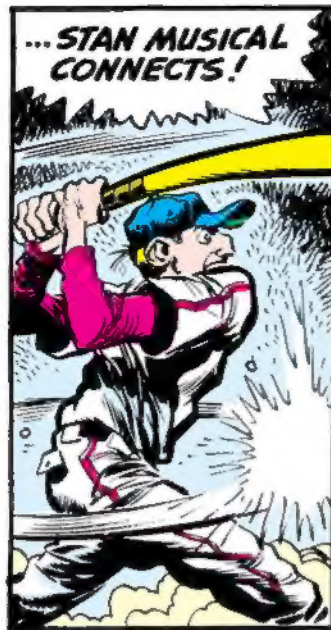
TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASEBALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE ...

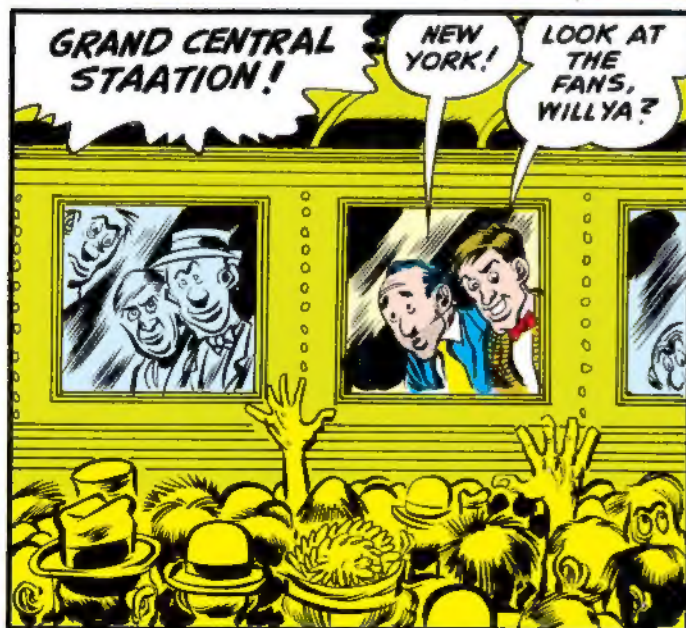
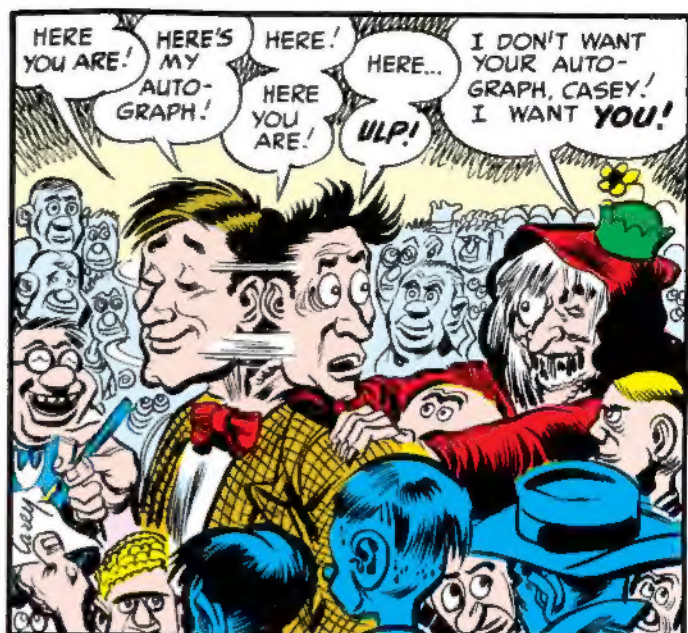


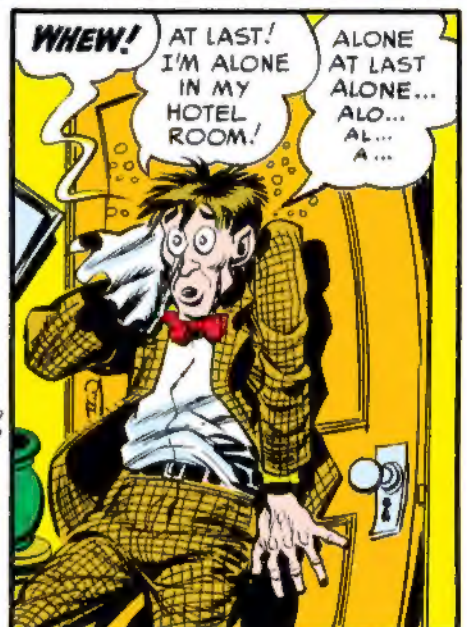
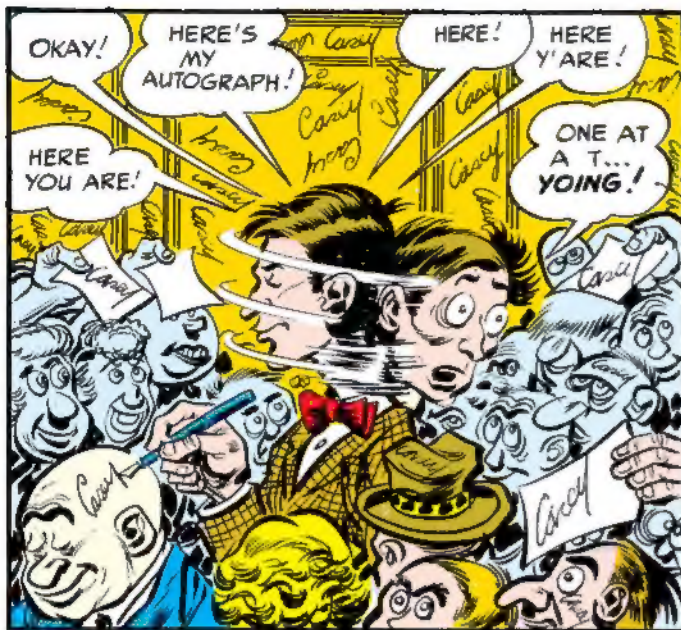


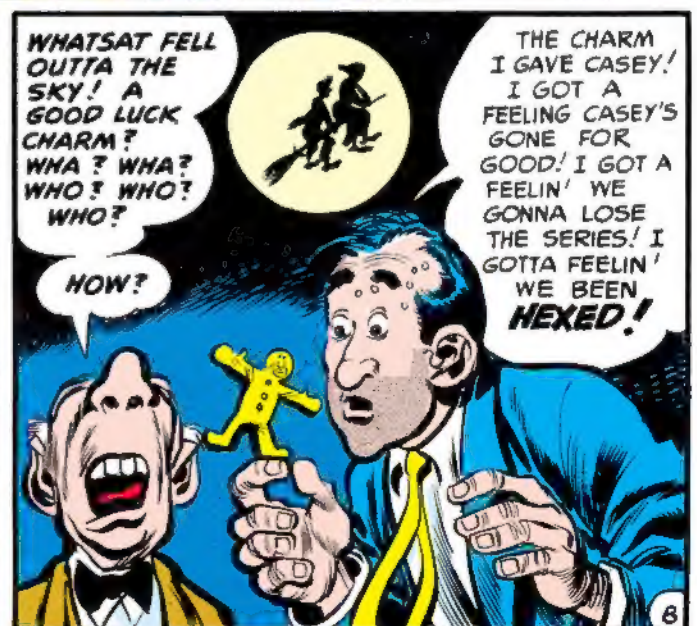
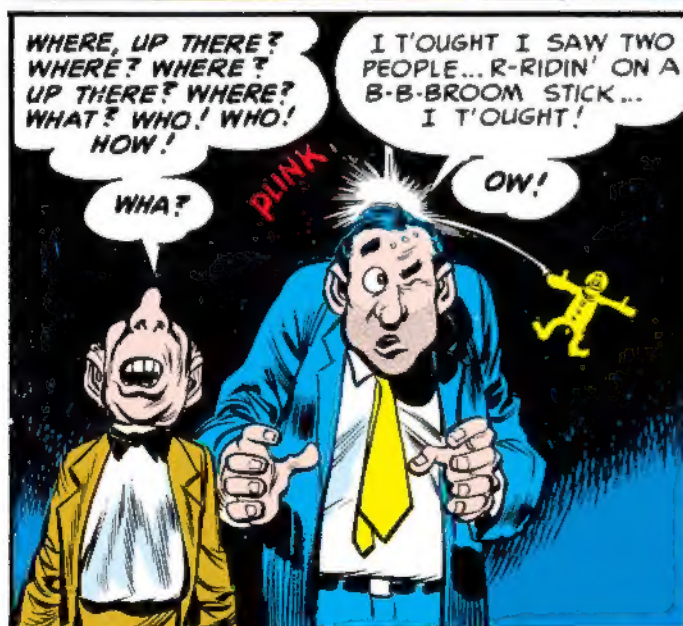
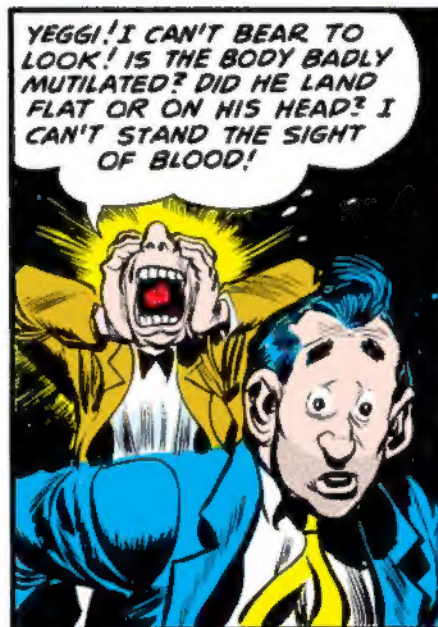
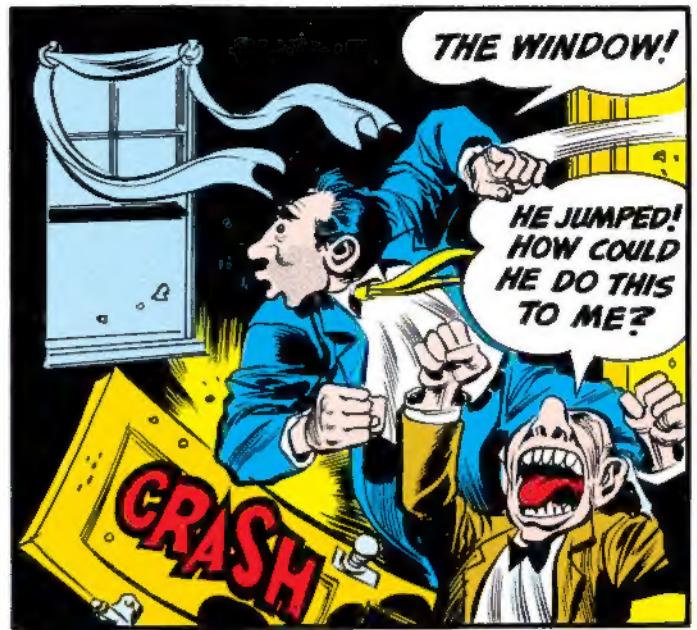






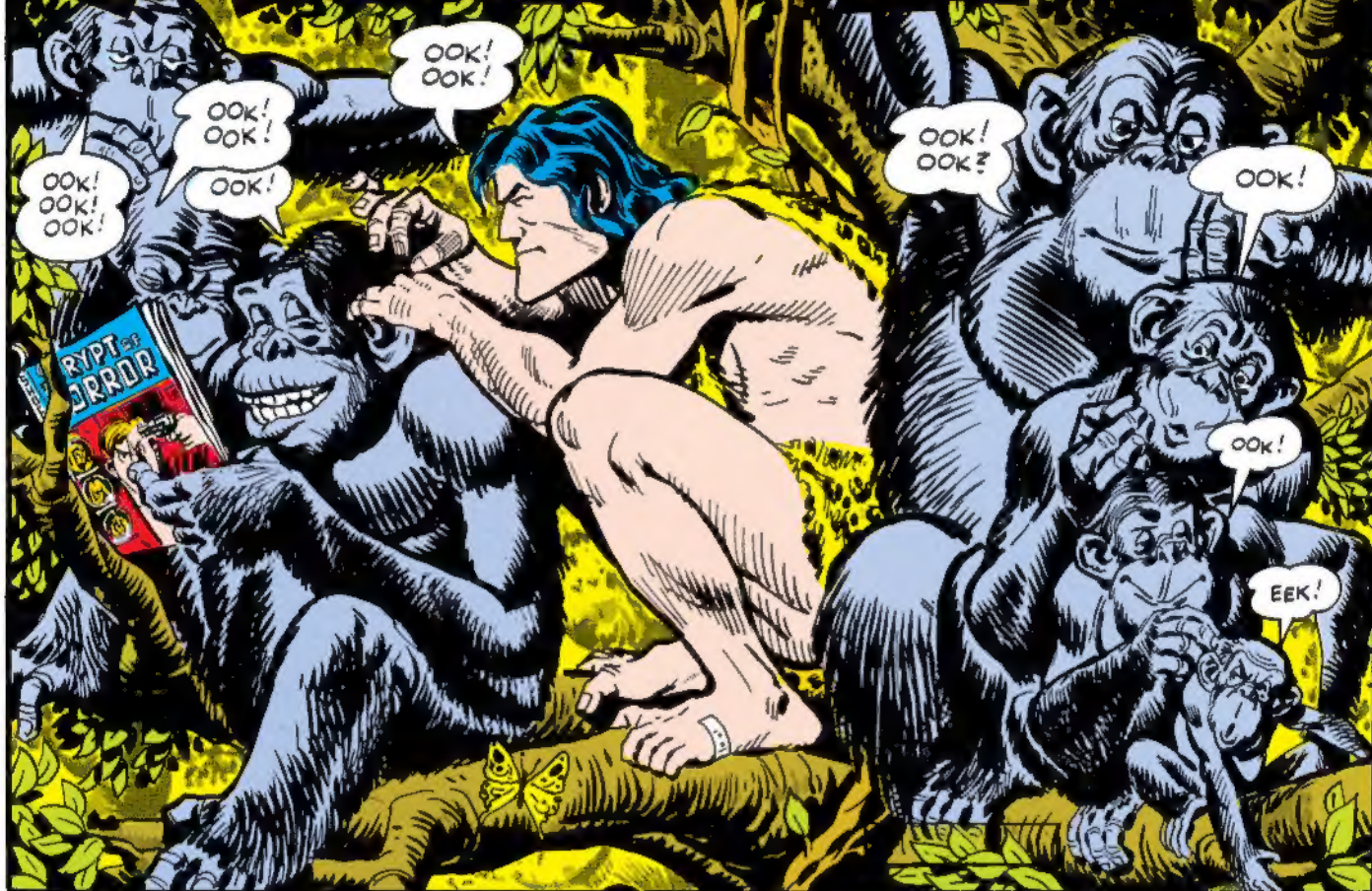


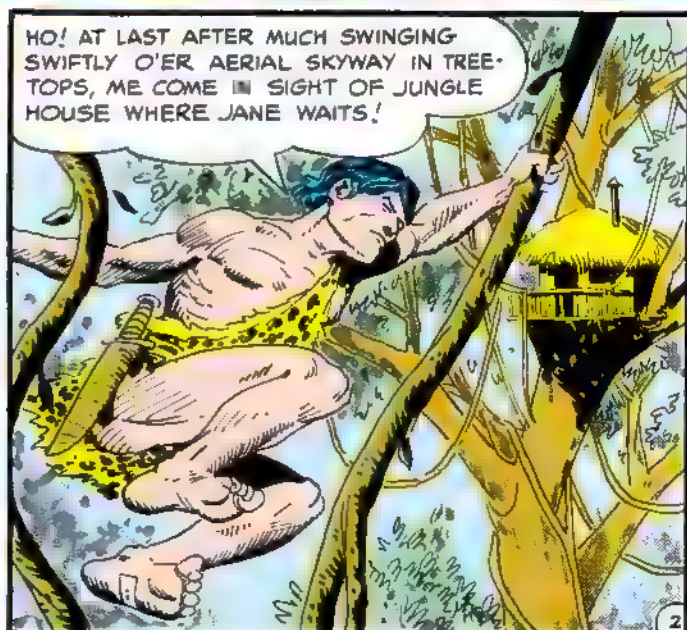
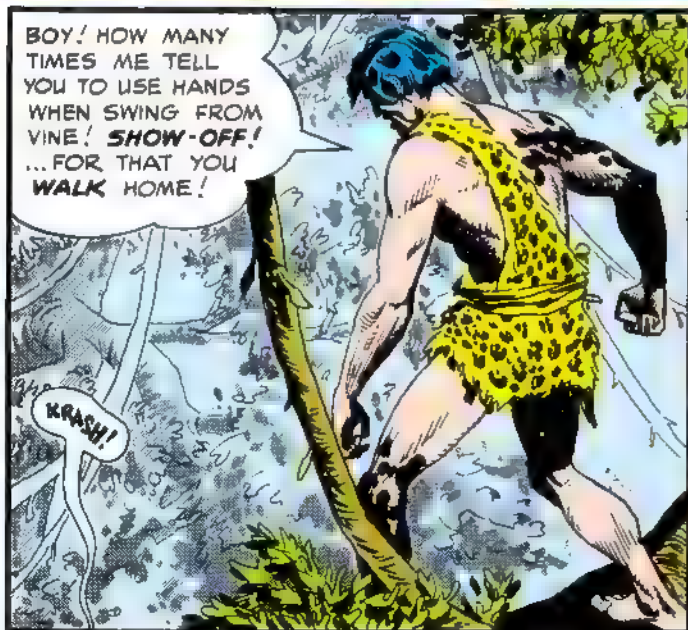
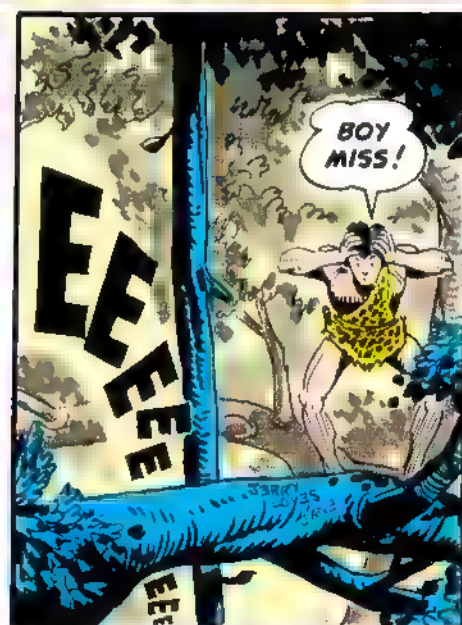


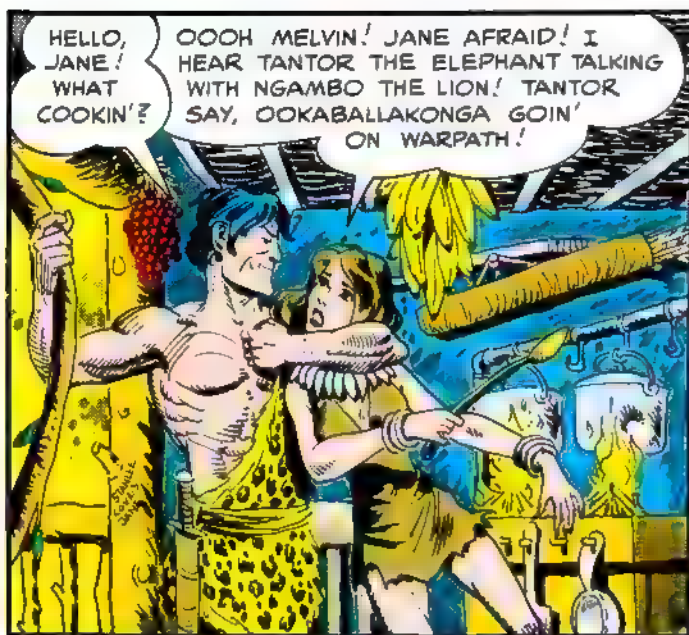


JUNGLE DEPT.: AFRICA! WILD...UNTAMED LAND WHERE TIME STANDS TANGLED IN THE JUNGLE! **AFRICA!**... HOME OF THE FIERCE GLOWGLI PYGMIES... THE TERRIBLE NGAMBWALI CANNIBALS, AND THE HORRIBLE OOKABALLAKONGA HEAD HUNTERS! ALSO, HOME OF THE JUNGLE APEMAN ... AN APEMAN NAMED...

MELVIN!







HELLO, JANE! WHAT COOKIN'?

OOOH MELVIN! JANE AFRAID! I HEAR TANTOR THE ELEPHANT TALKING WITH NGAMBO THE LION! TANTOR SAY, OOKABALLAKONGA GOIN' ON WARPATH!



WHAT FOR SUPPER? MMM! CHOPPED JAMBO LEAVES AN HOMINY GRITS!

MELVIN! WHEN OOKABALLAKONGA GO ON WARPATH... THEY TAKE HEADS AND SHRINKUM! MELVIN! SAY OOKABALLAKONGA WON'T GO ON WARPATH! PLEASE SAY...



LISTEN, MELVIN!

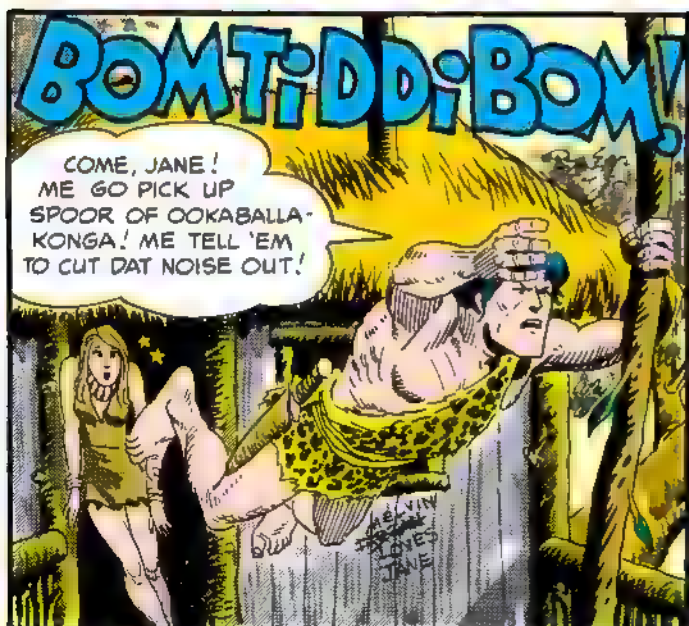
IS WARDRUM OF OOKABALLAKONGA! DIS SERIOUS!



WE DON'T HAFTA TAKE NONE O' THAT BOLONEY, MELV! LET'S GO OUT AN' BLAST 'EM!

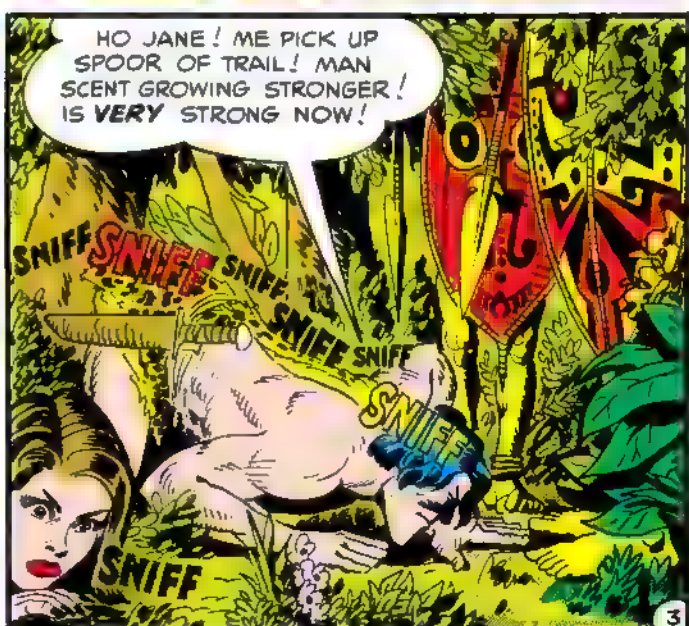


UGH, JANE! YOU GOT FIRE STICK OF MANY THUNDERS! MELVIN NO LIKE FIRESTICK! BAD WHITE MAN INVENTION! MELVIN **BREAK!**



BOMTiDDiBOM!

COME, JANE! ME GO PICK UP SPOOR OF OOKABALLAKONGA! ME TELL 'EM TO CUT DAT NOISE OUT!



HO JANE! ME PICK UP SPOOR OF TRAIL! MAN SCENT GROWING STRONGER! IS **VERY** STRONG NOW!

SNIFF

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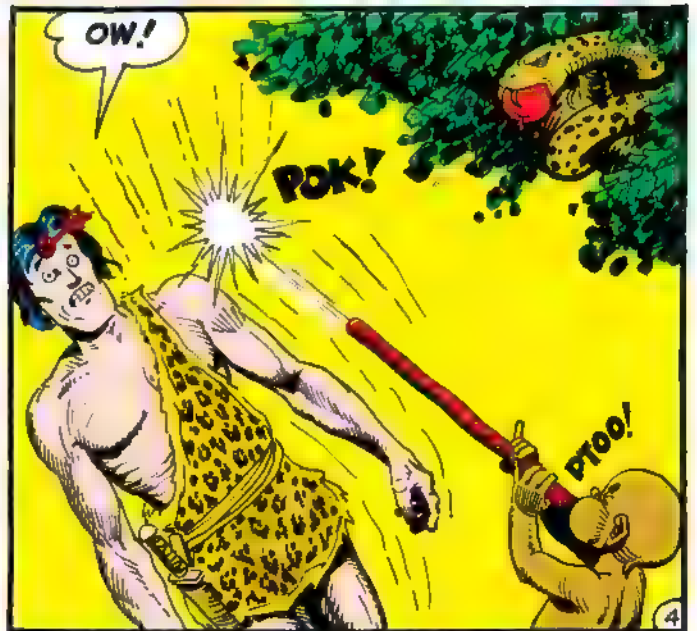
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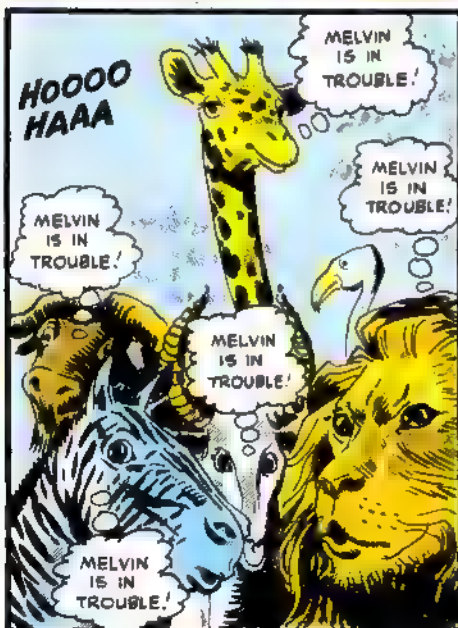
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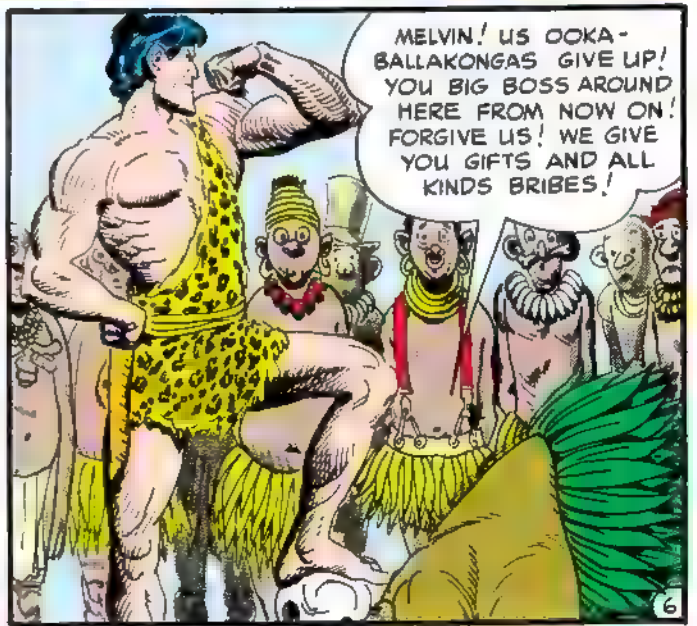
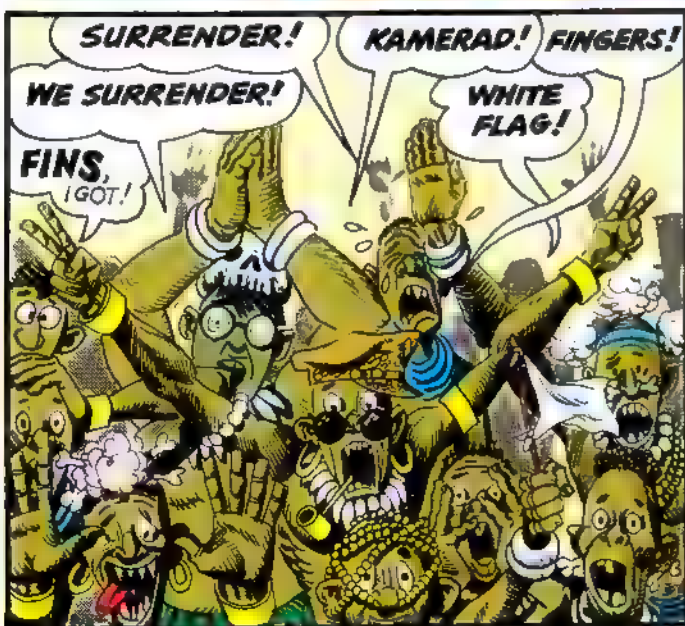
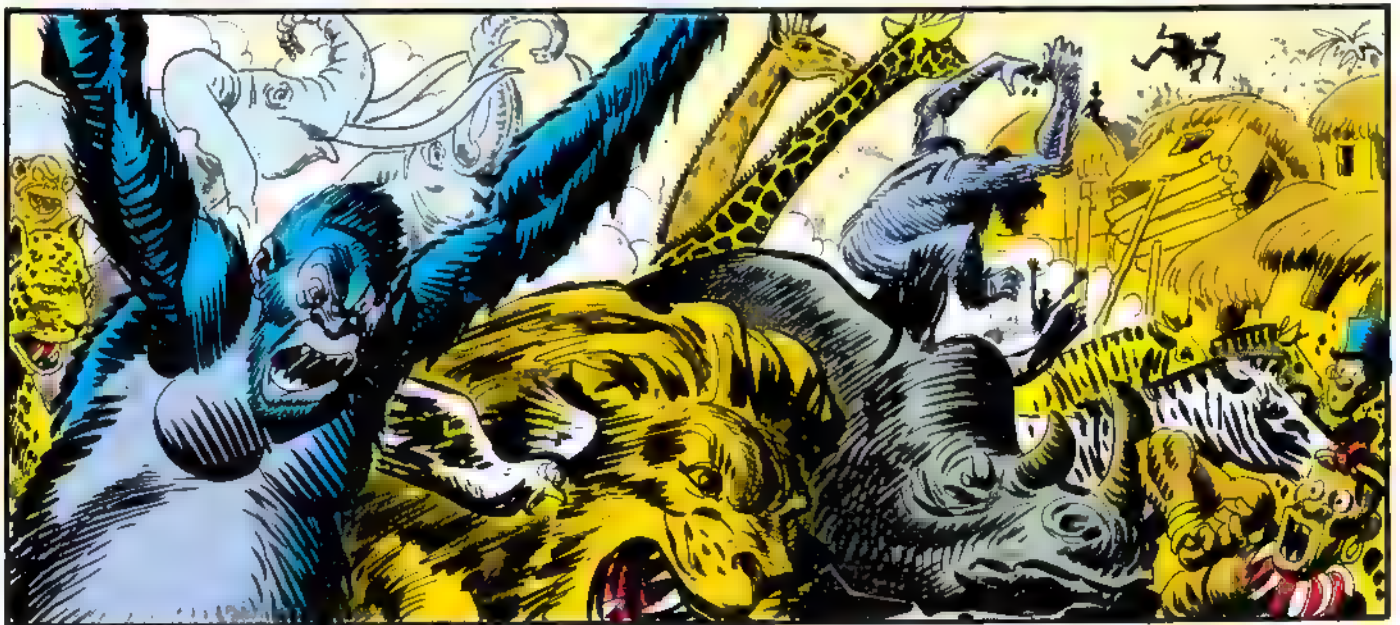
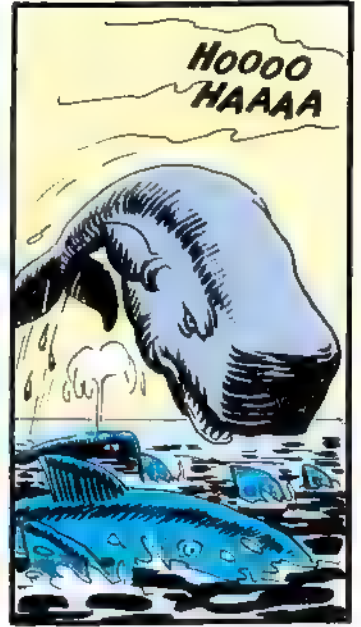
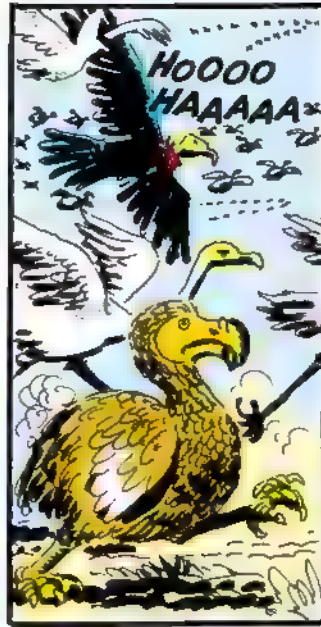
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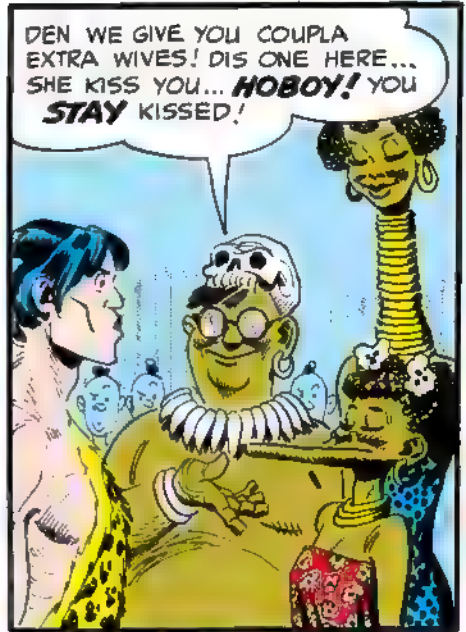
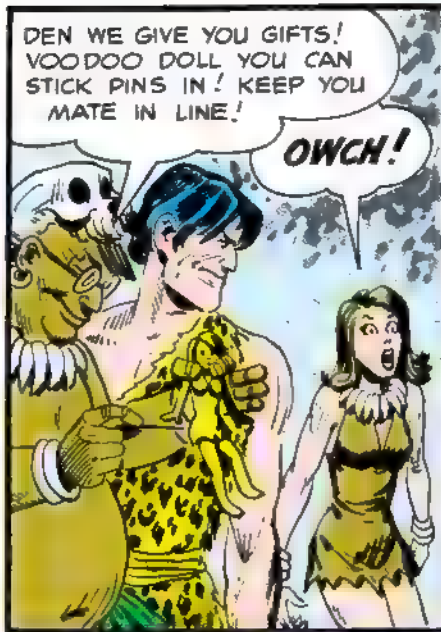
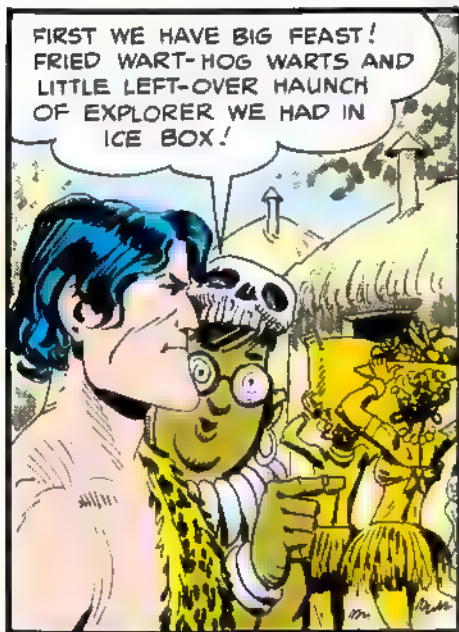
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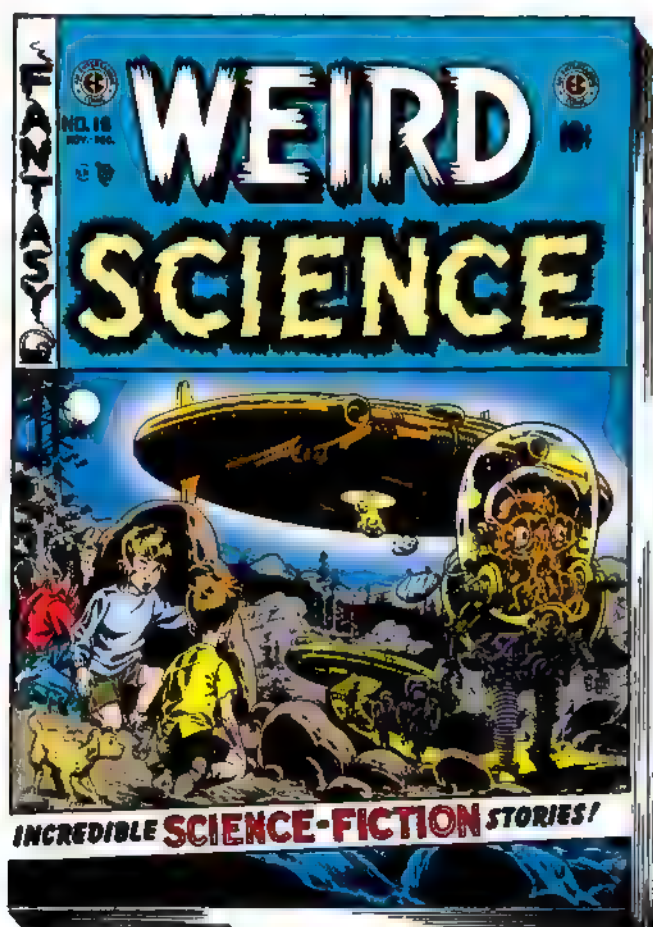






E.C. FANS!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!**

**ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**



Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary.

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from Timbuktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast, 'Breakfast with Max and Minx'!

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in *mind over mattress* . . . rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides . . . I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smeared eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What *is* it, Mo? A raccoon???"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whisp of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua, topaz, and tissue faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness!! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer.

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been foul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left.

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for

the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . "The third step, too!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . "Fourth's bad!" . . . "Right, Mo!" "Fifth's worse yet!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . Watch the SEVENTH step . . . very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester . . . a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a *storm* in a *port*! Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!"

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flounced into the room.

"Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!"

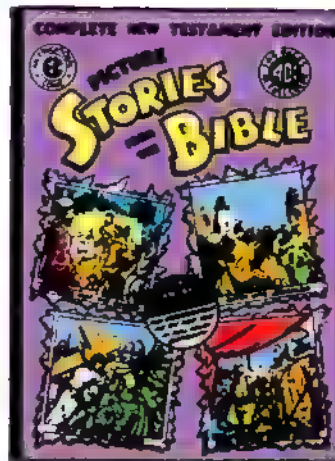
Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed . . . ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

"Welcome to breakfast with the McNarys, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

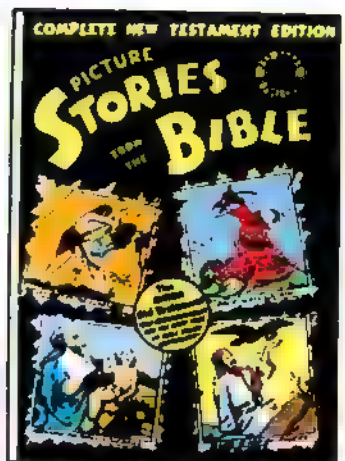
As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar . . .

"Mo . . . you lout!!! Why didn't you tell me about that SIXTH step?????"



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CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the mid-west, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out into space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wavelength, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting.

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettledrum, news analyst . . . Martin Cohen, private eye . . . and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the *same* case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing *first violin* on the Boston Symphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!

"Therefore, I have called in an old school-chum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pith helmet, he addressed his old school-mate. "Got your call, F. M.! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I hate to admit it, but I was about to be tossed out anyway! They discovered a knothole in my polo mallet. A breach of social etiquette if there ever was one!"

"Have you heard my new song, 'I'll take

you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green!?' Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

* * * * *

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower.

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio, but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

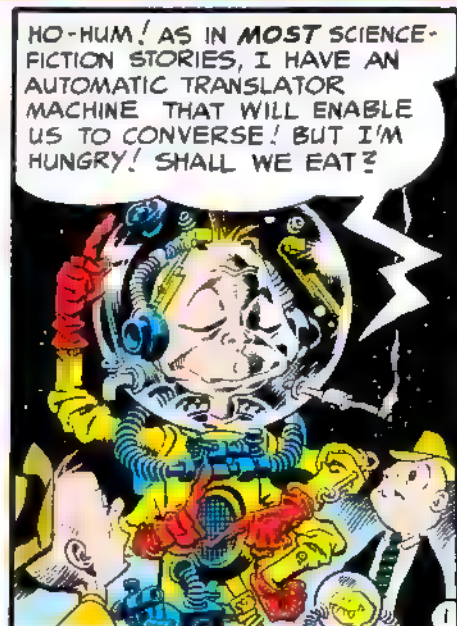
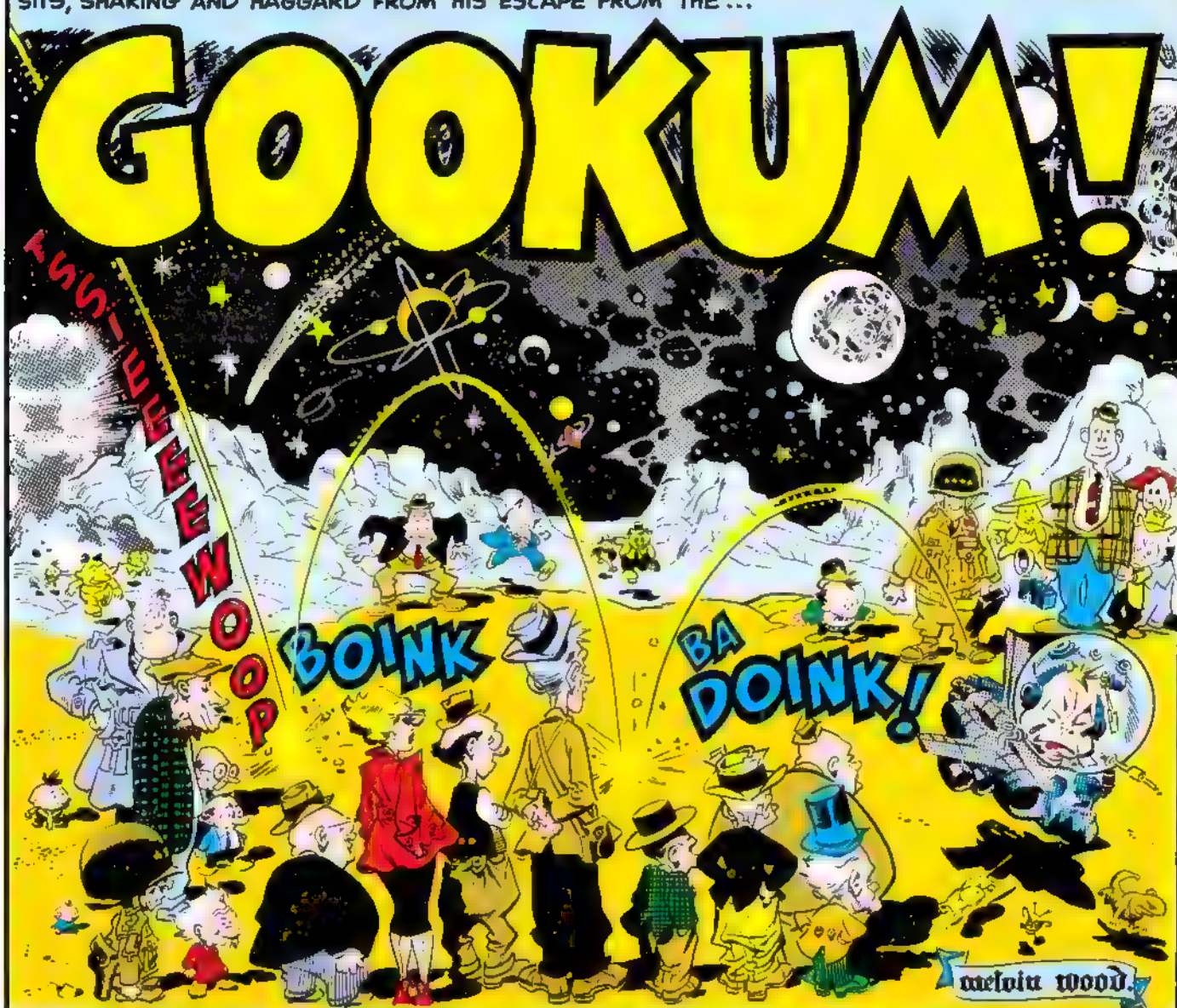
"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push-button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!"

"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

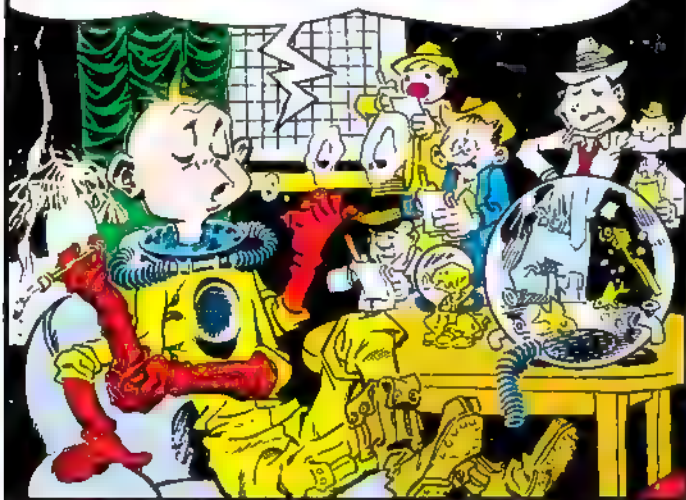
Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wavelength paid Mr. Bazinski \$100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried *one* program at a time as before.

Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York . . . near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's *second set* of teeth to cut gum!

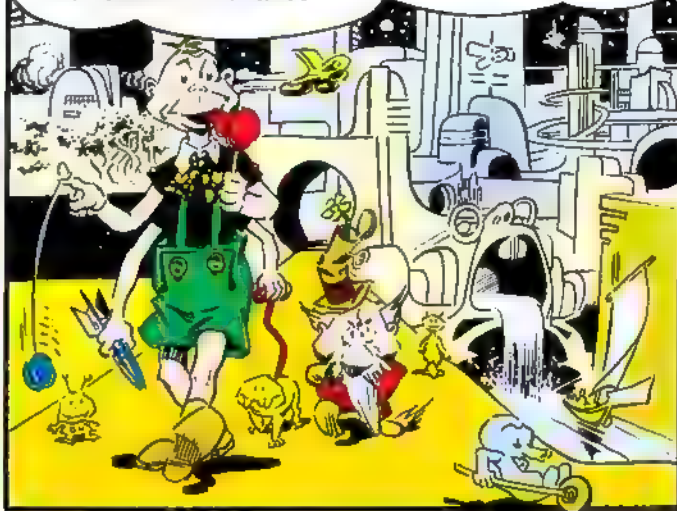
SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: **NIGHT!** A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARF NERFNICK, **MARTIAN**, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE ...



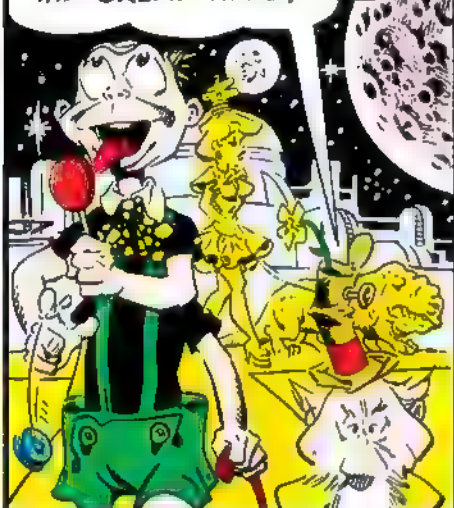
AAAH! THIS IS BETTER! IF YOU REPORTERS WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY WHILE I EAT! WAITER! LET ME HAVE SOME **STEWED HOMINY GRITS AN' FRIED JAMBO LEAVES!**



MY STORY STARTS AS A HAPPY YOUTH, STROLLING ALONG THE **GOWANUSGLARF** CANAL IN THE LITTLE MARTIAN CITY OF **BROOKLYNGLARF** WITH MY GRANDFATHER!



COME, LITTLE GLARF! IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE... TO TELL YOU OF THE **GREAT WALL!**



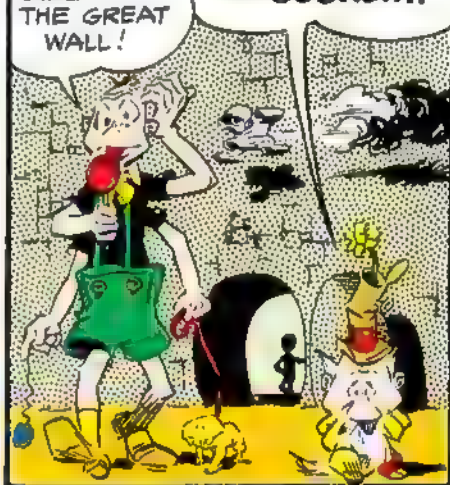
THE GREAT WALL... BUILT BY OUR ANCESTORS MANY YEARS AGO!

FOR THE FIRST TIME LITTLE GLARF, I SHALL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE THE GREAT WALL!



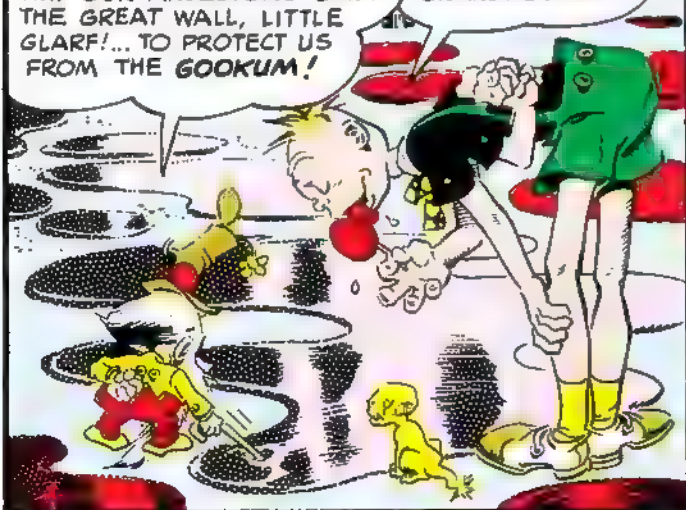
CHEE, GRANFODDER! THERE AIN'T **NOTHIN'** THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT WALL!

NOTHING, GLARF! N-NOTHING HERE GLARF! N-N-N-NOTHING BUT THE **GOOKUM!**



M-MILES AND MILES OF SHIMMERING, JELLY-LIKE PINK GOOKUM! THIS IS WHY OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE GREAT WALL, LITTLE GLARF!... TO PROTECT US FROM THE **GOOKUM!**

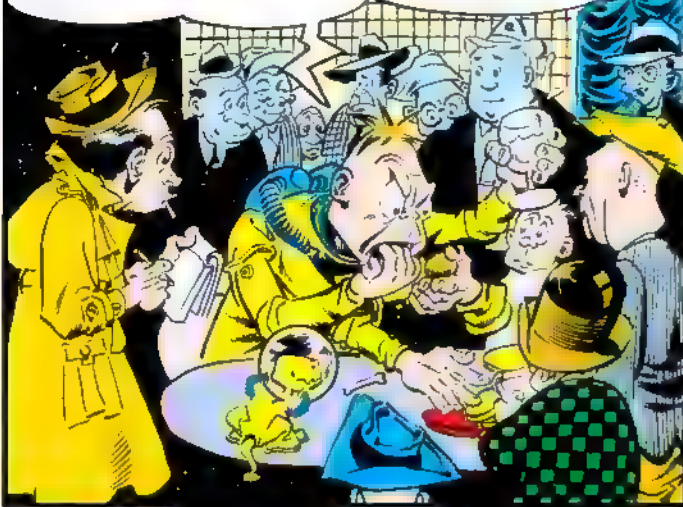
I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU, GRANDFODDER!



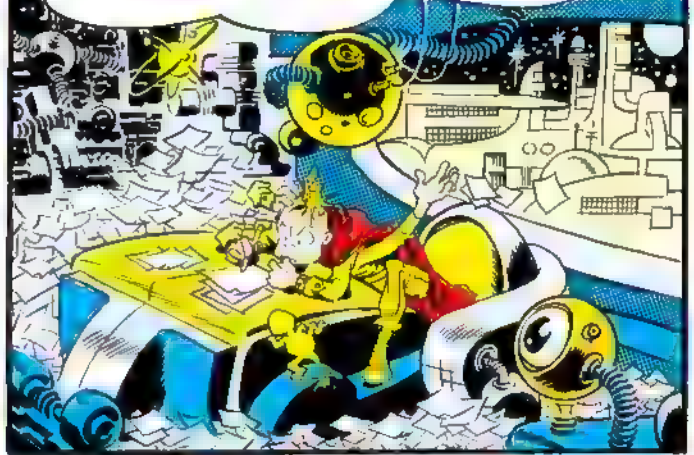
THIS GOOKUM LIVES, LITTLE GLARF! RIGHT NOW THE GOOKUM SLEEPS... LIES **DORMANT!** FOR 500 YEARS IT HAS SLEPT, BUT SOON IT WILL WALK AND COME AFTER US! THIS GOOKUM IS FANTASTIC... LIKE A THING FROM **EARTH!**



AND SO... I LIVED IN THE LITTLE CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL! AS I GREW INTO MANHOOD, I DECIDED TO BE A PHYSICIST!



... BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT, INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY TIME TO PERFECTING A ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE HECK OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL!

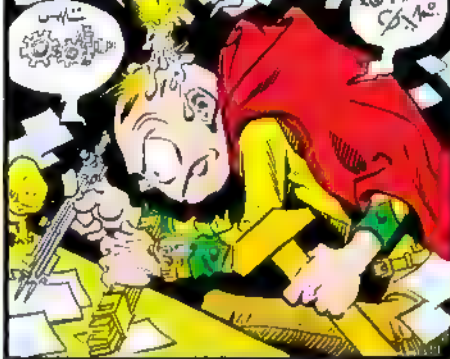


2 PLUS ONE...
MOVE THE
DECIMAL
POINT...

$E=MC^2$

DON'T FORGET
THE X-FACTOR!

A MINUS THE
SQUARE ROOT!
EQUALS ZIBBEN
UND TZVONTZIK!



PLUS THE
SQUARE ROOT...
ZOOT SUIT...
ROOTY
TOOT
TOOT...

GLARF!
GLARF!



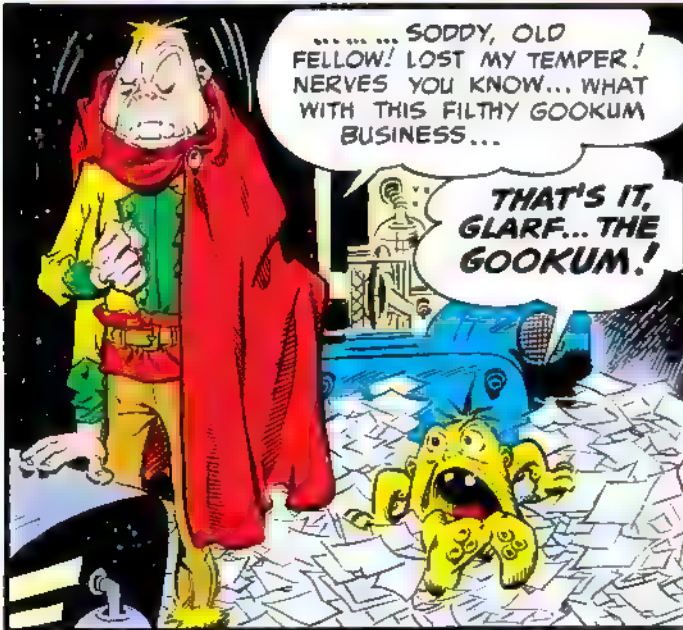
BLAST IT, MAN!
HOW MANY TIMES
HAVE I TOLD
YOU, MELVIN, NOT
TO INTERRUPT
ME WHILE I'M
THINKING?

SPLAT!



... SODDY, OLD
FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER!
NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT
WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM
BUSINESS...

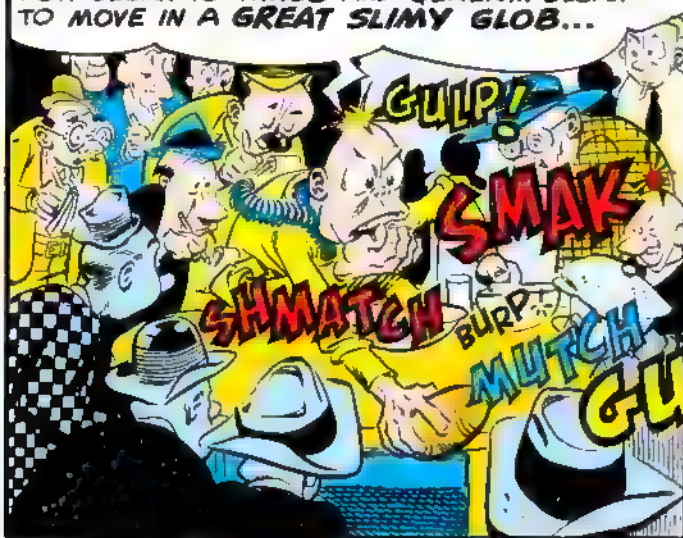
THAT'S IT,
GLARF... THE
GOOKUM!



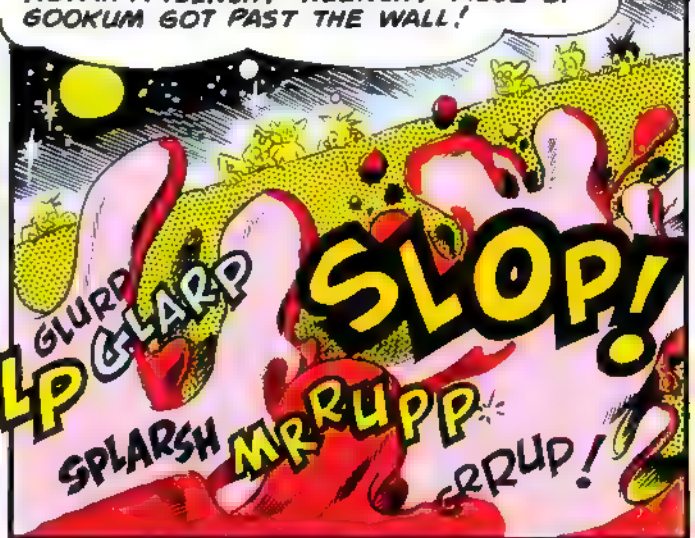
THE 500 YEARS ARE
UP! THE GOOKUM!
IT'S BEGINNING
TO STIR!



...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES!THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... BEGAN TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...



...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL!AND SOME-HOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!



LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, 'CAUSE JAM DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!

QUICK! GET IT!



I'LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!

NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!



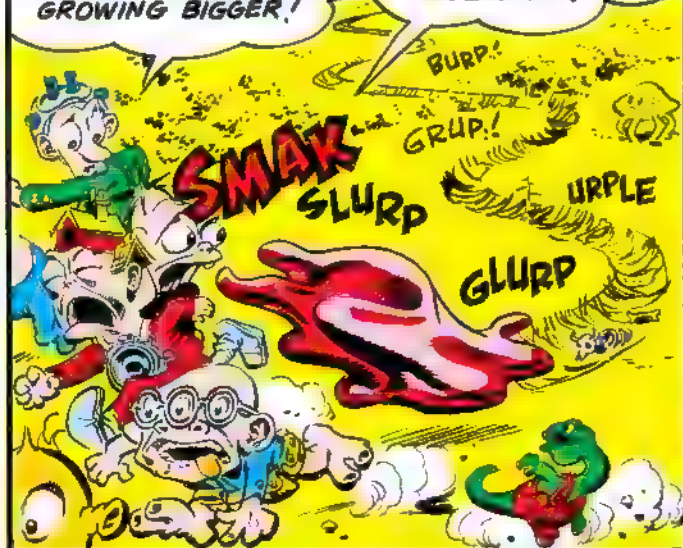
THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!

LOOK! IT'S EATING THE CLUB!



THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!

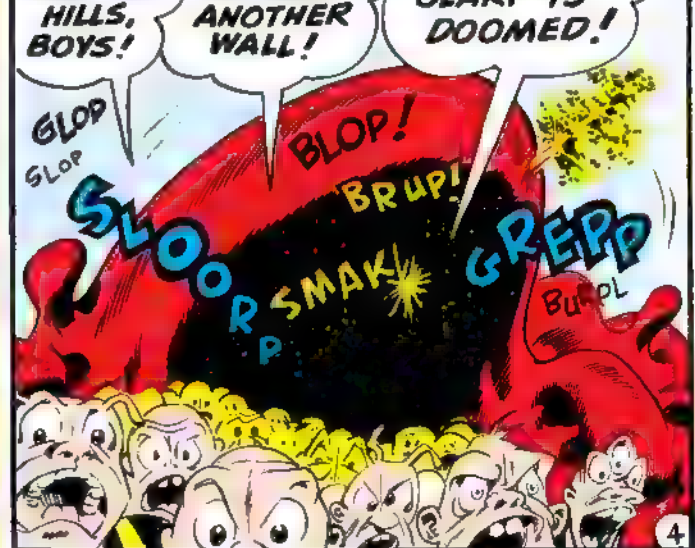
IT'S SLOBBERING AFTER US!



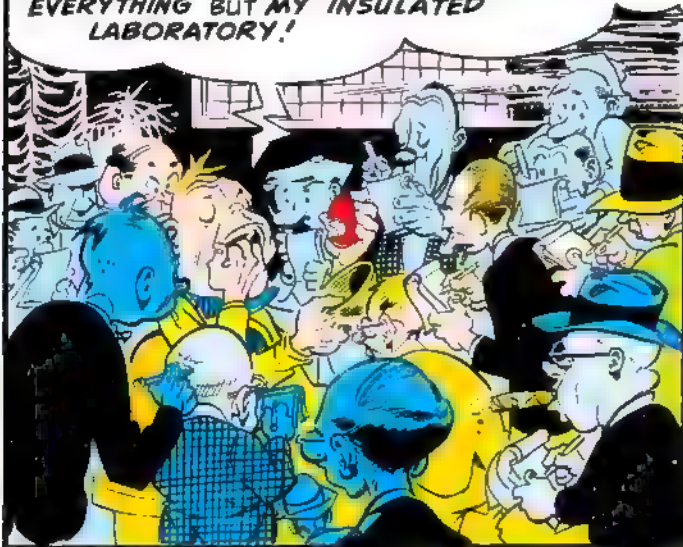
HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!

WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!

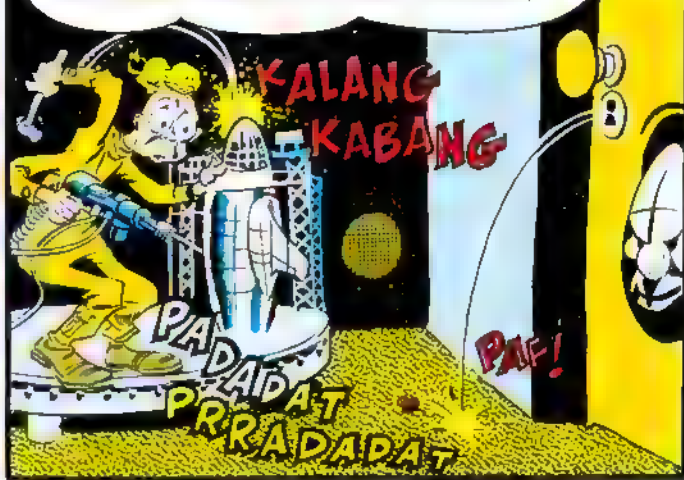
BROOKLYN-GLARF IS DOOMED!



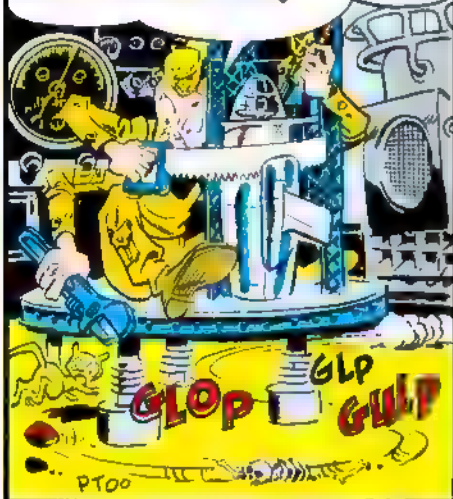
AH, YES!... SOON THIS, GULPING, Slobbering, GLOBBERING GOOKUM HAD SWALLOWED UP EVERYTHING BUT MY INSULATED LABORATORY!



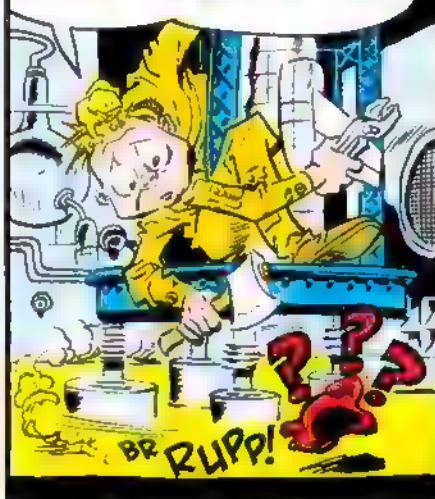
THERE I WORKED FEVERISHLY, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY OWN ROCKET-SHIP! BUT AS I WORKED, A TEENCHY WEENCHY KEENCHY EENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM SQUEEZED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!



LOOK AT THAT GOOKUM, EATING EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN THE LABORATORY! I **MUST FINISH MY ROCKETSHIP!**

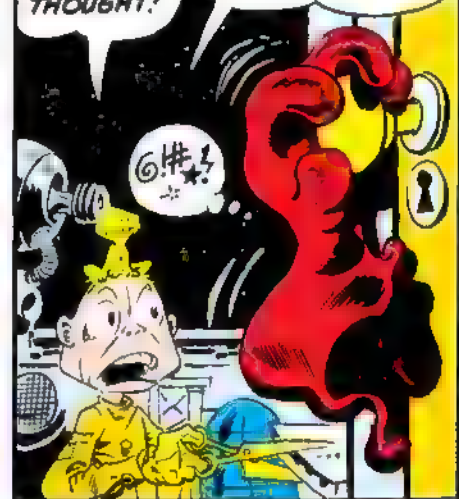


LOOK HOW IT CIRCLES MY INSULATED PLATFORM! IT'S THINKING... FIGURING OUT, A WAY TO GET AT ME!

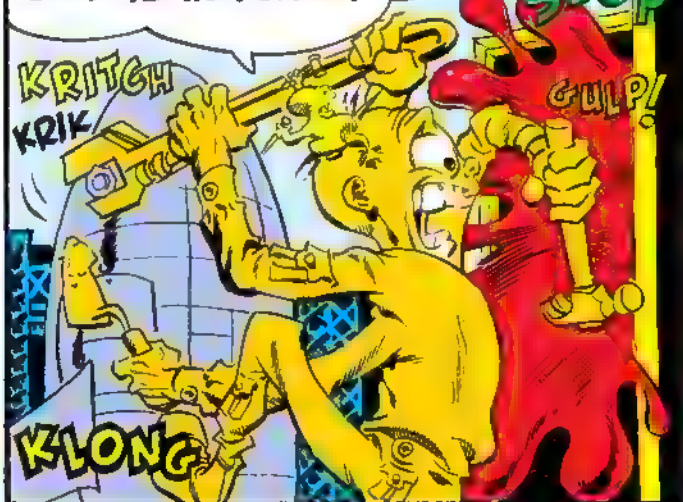


HORRORS! THE GOOKUM IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!

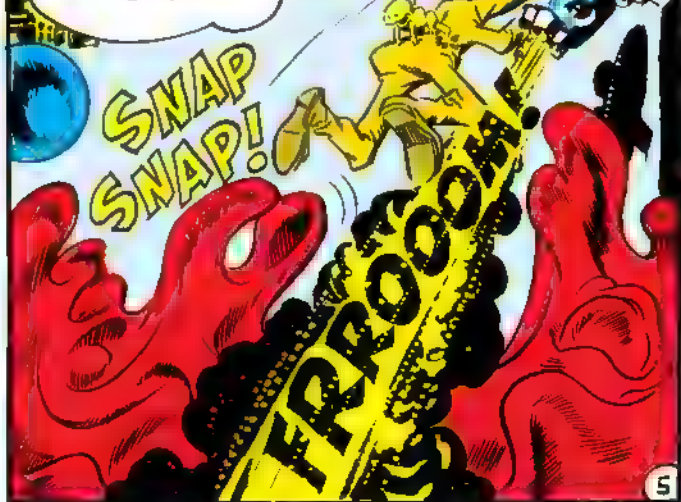
IT'S CLIMBING UP TO THE DOOR KNOB!

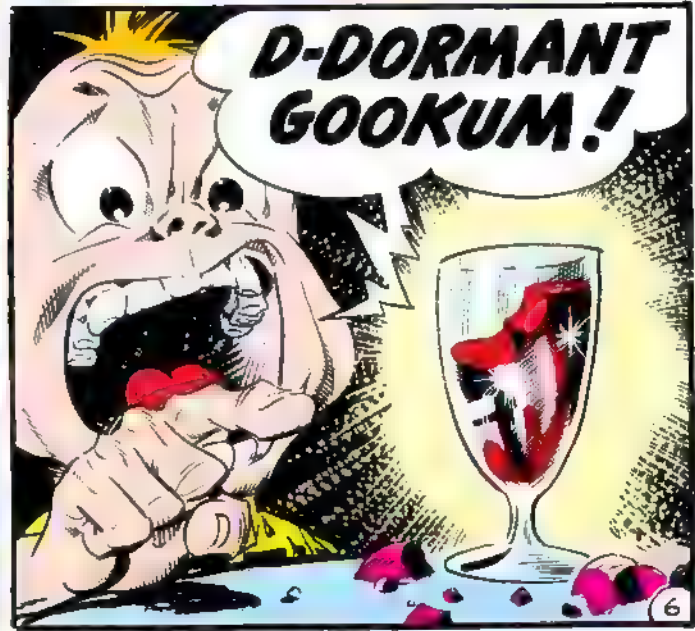
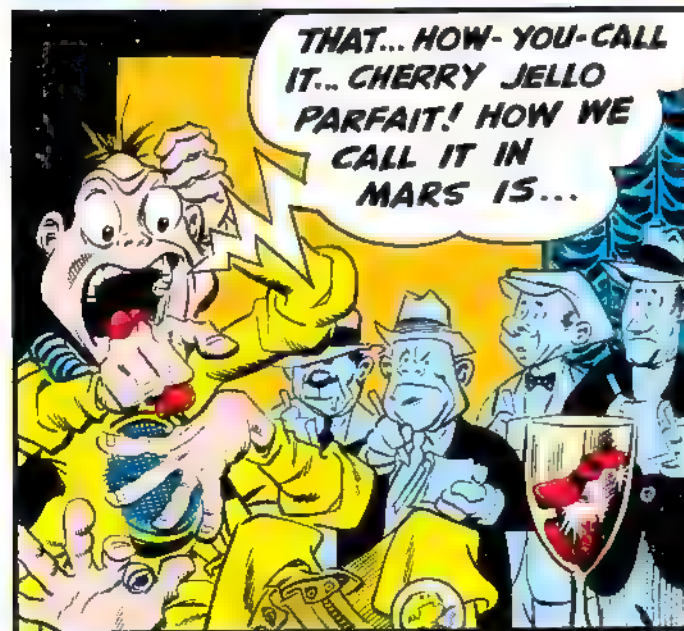
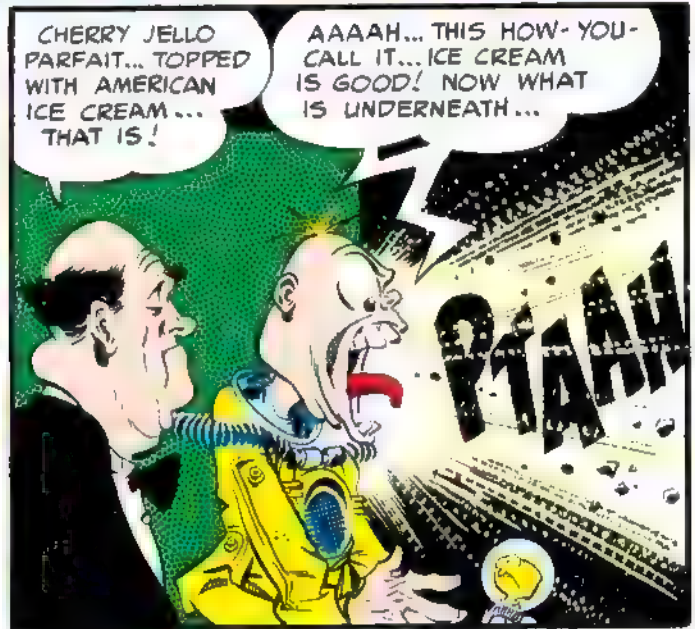
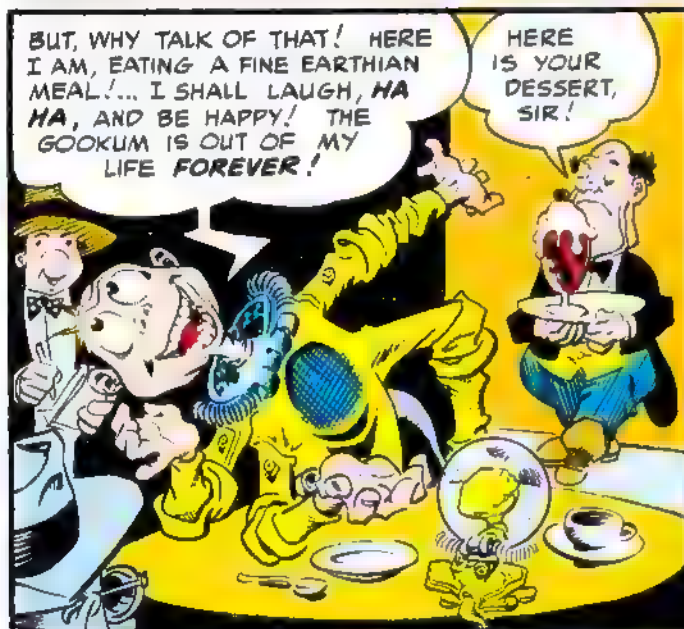


THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF MY ROCKET-SHIP IS IN PLACE!



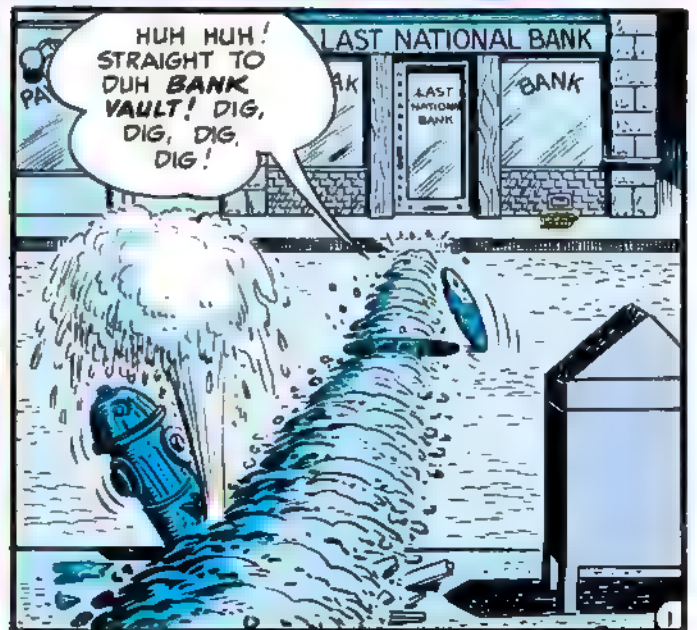
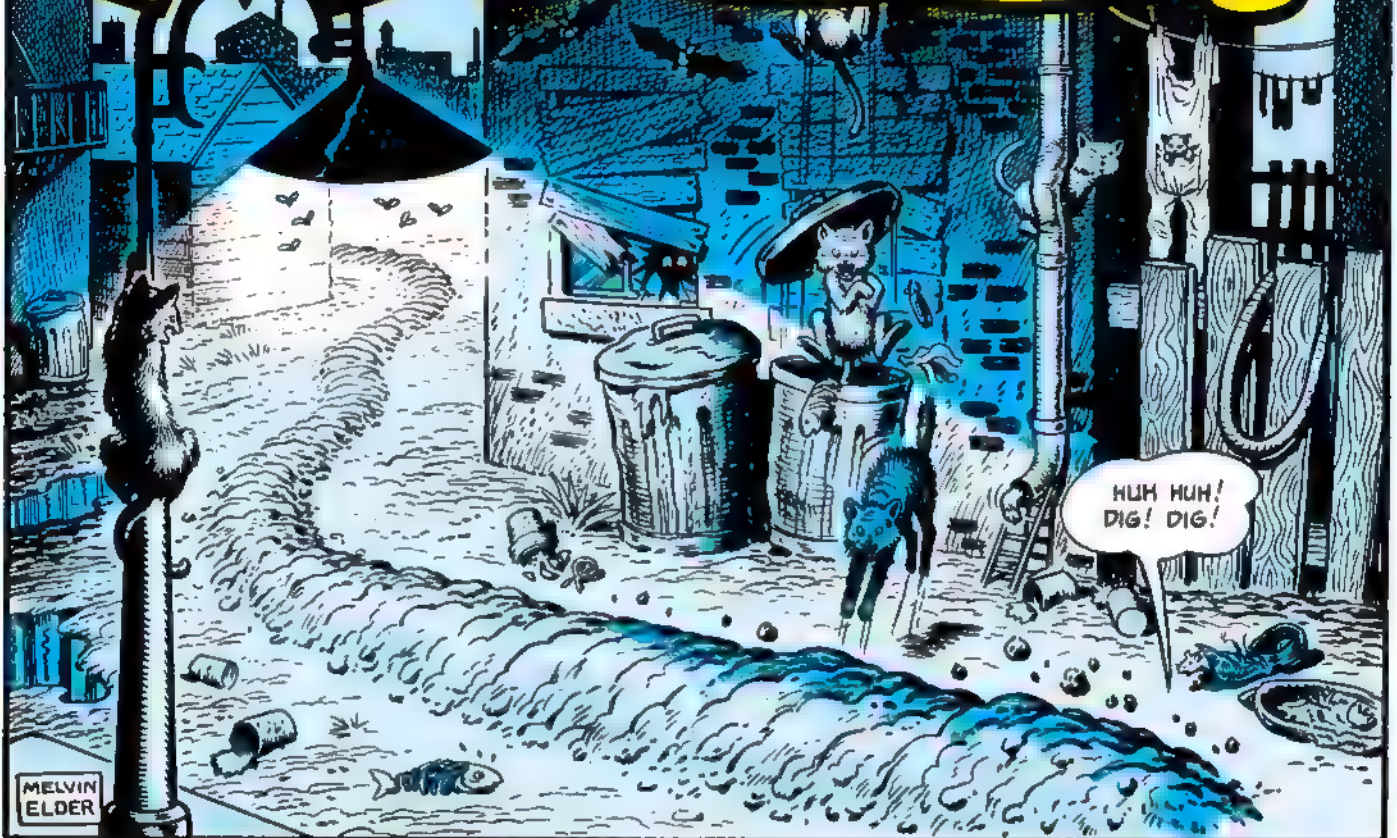
NOW!... BLAST OFF

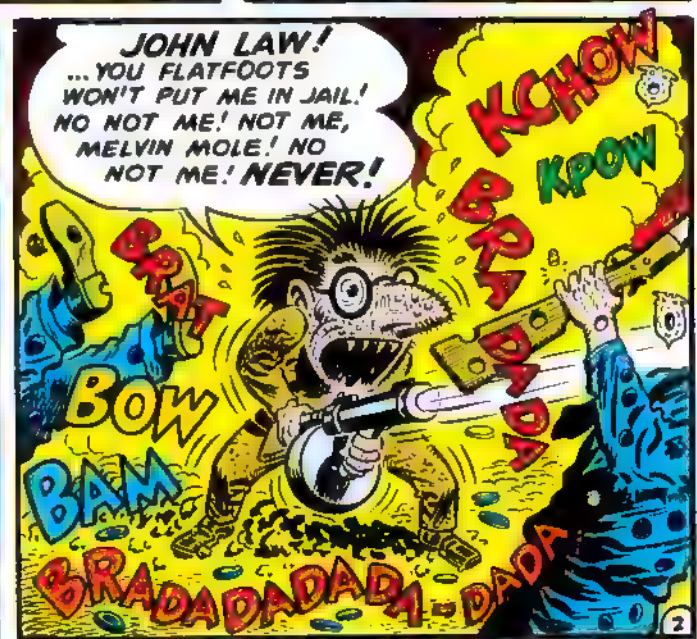
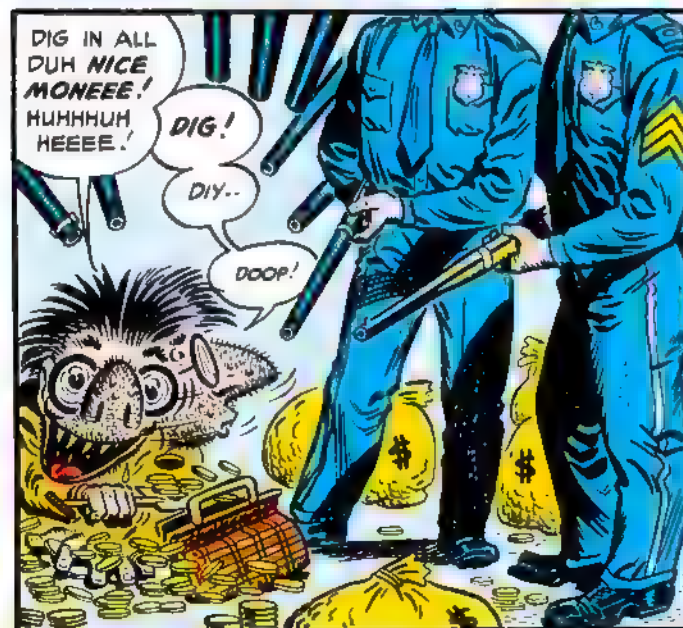
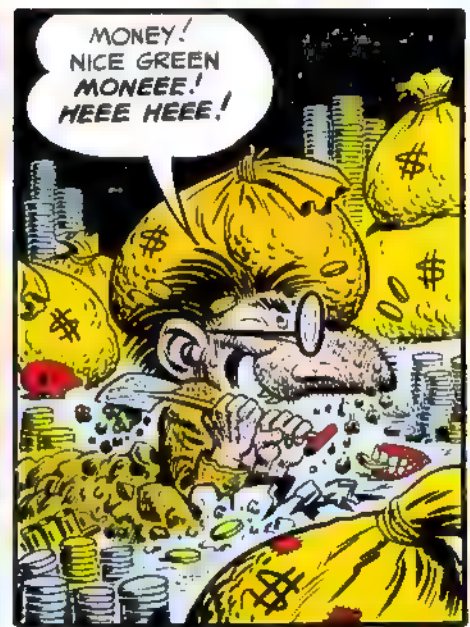
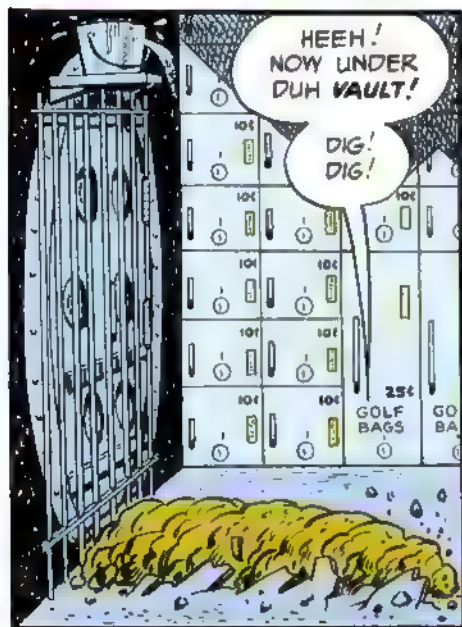
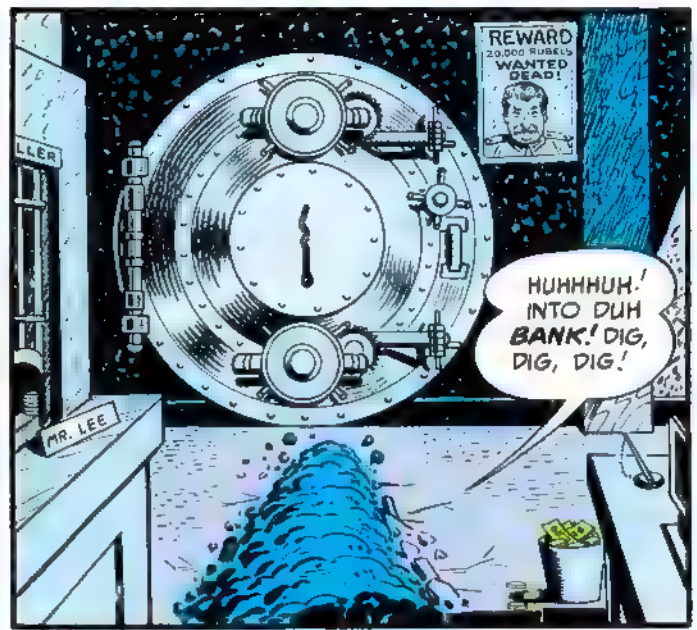


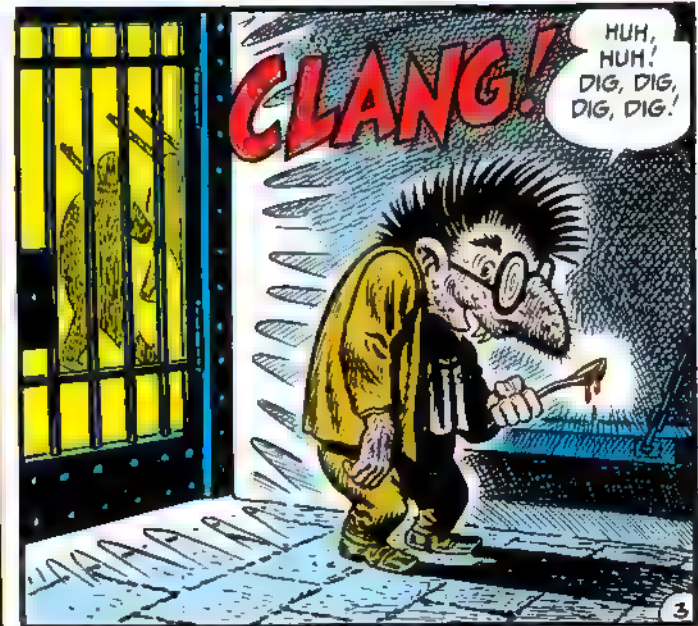
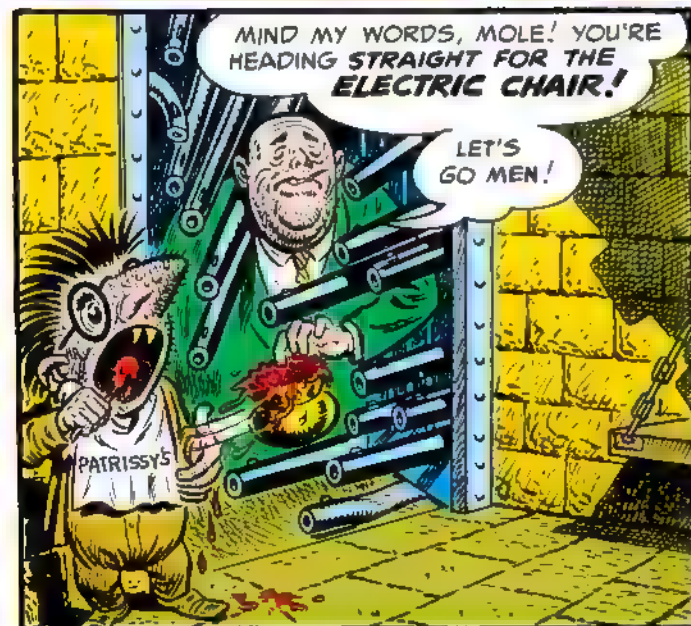
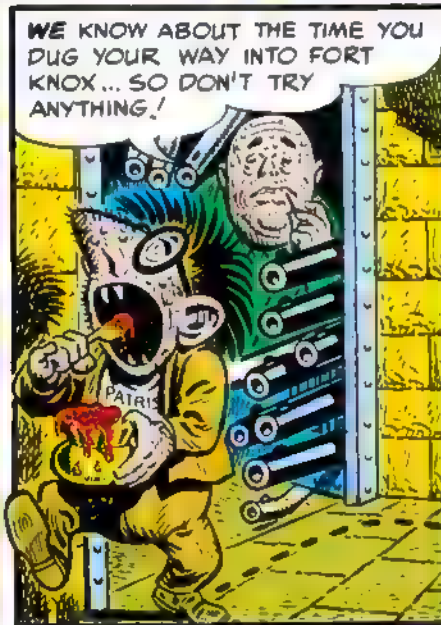
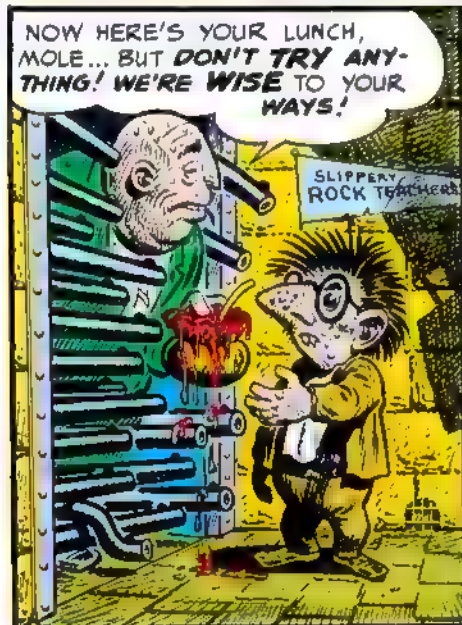
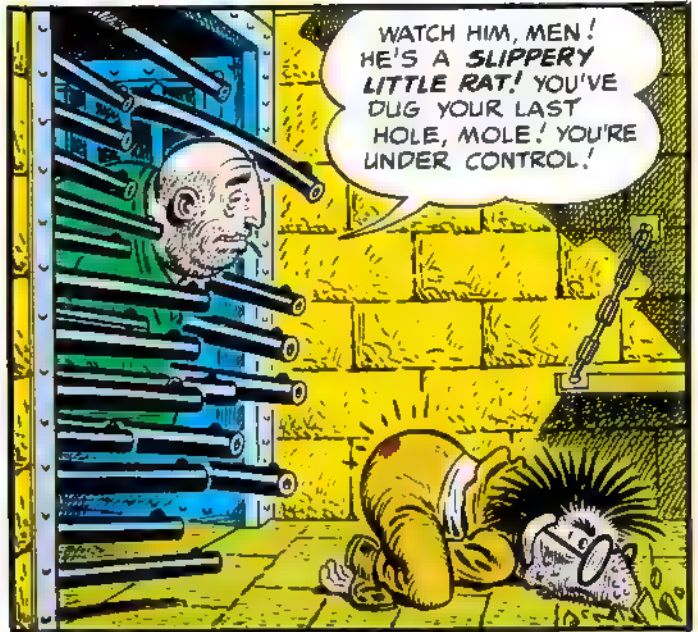
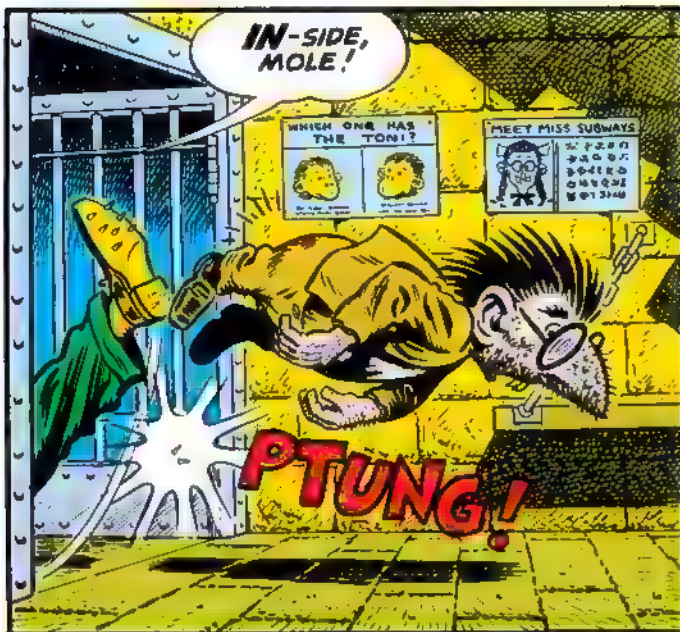


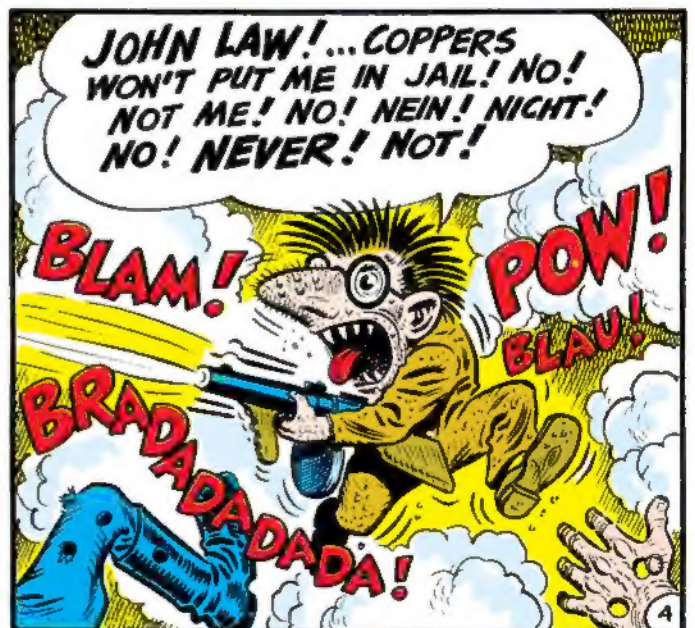
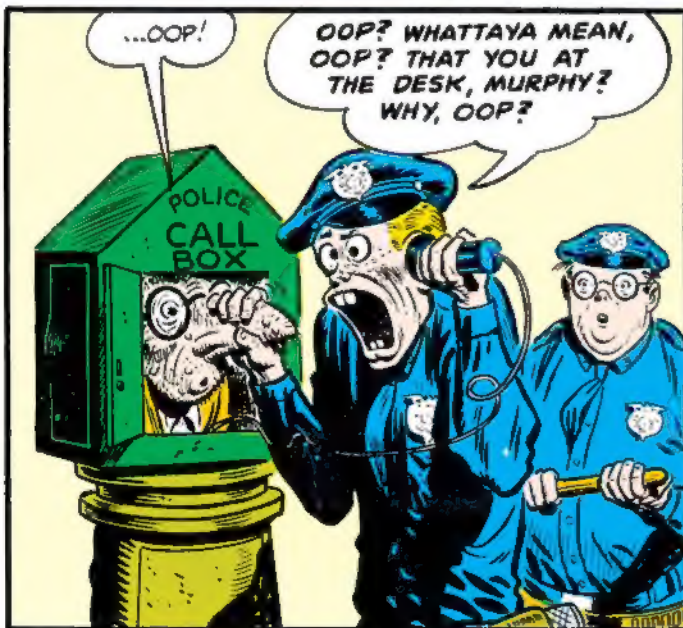
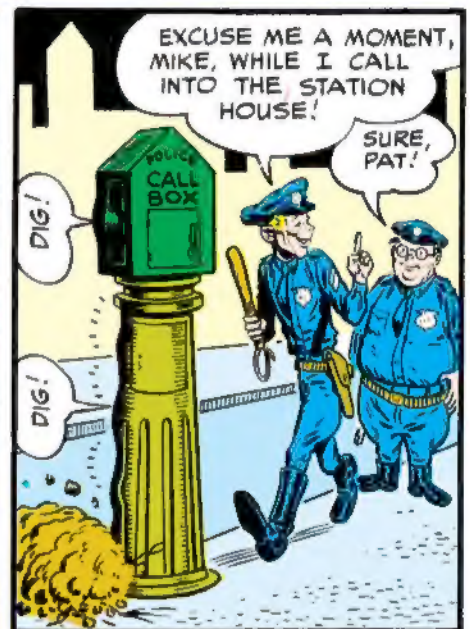
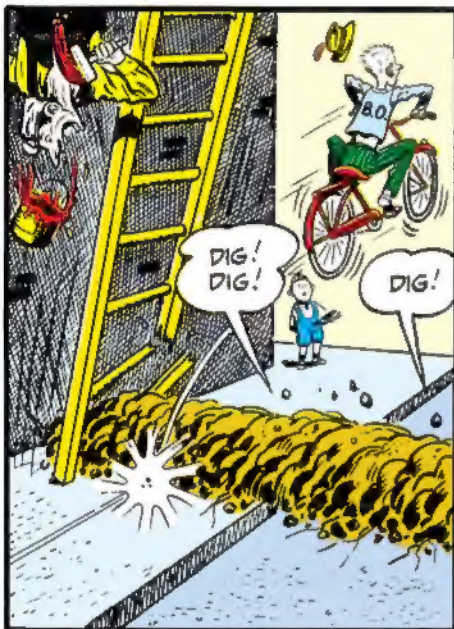
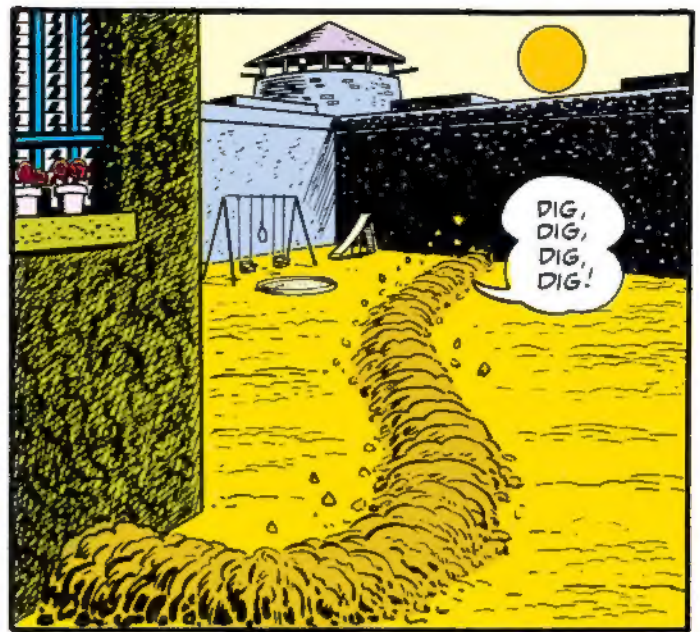
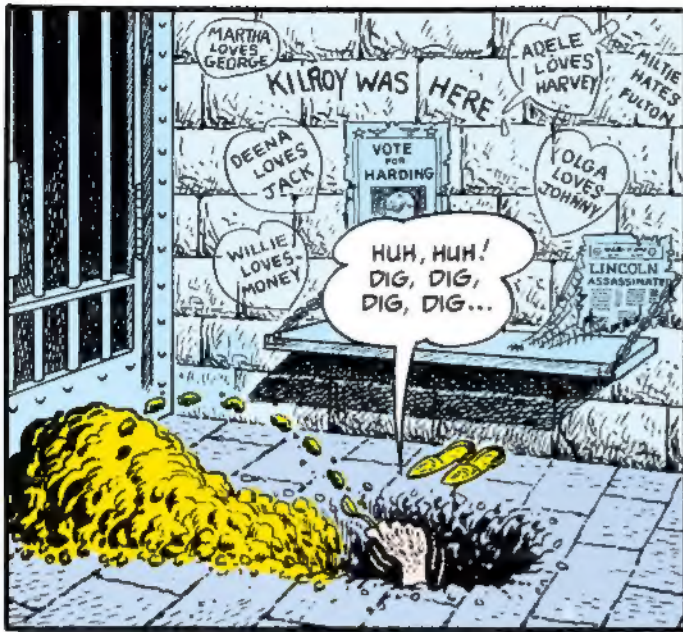
CRIME DEPT.! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS ... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL! THIS STORY IS FOR **YOU!**... THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS... AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!... FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN

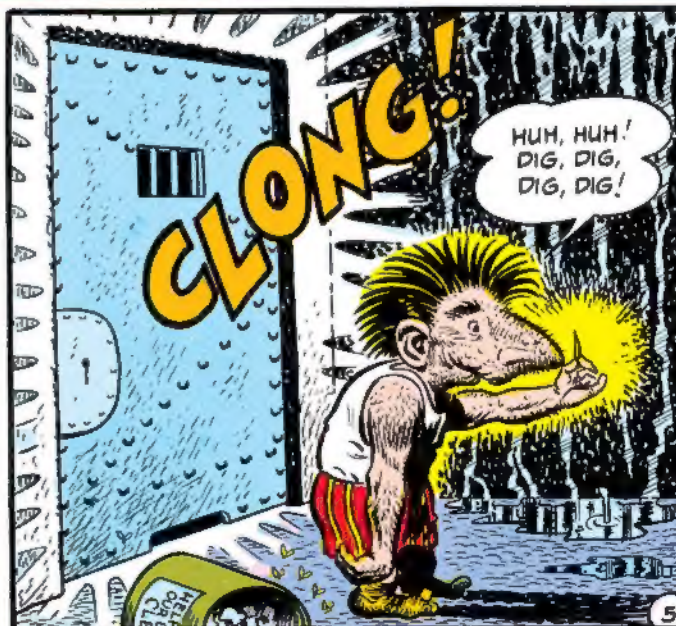
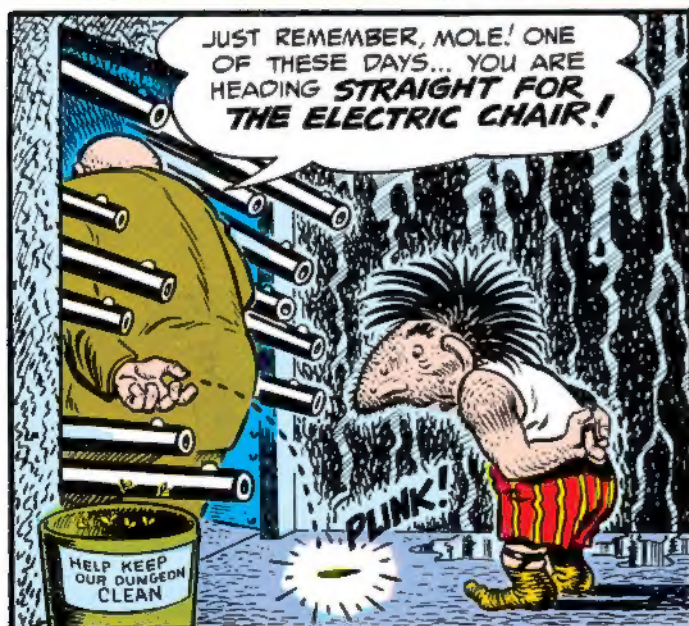
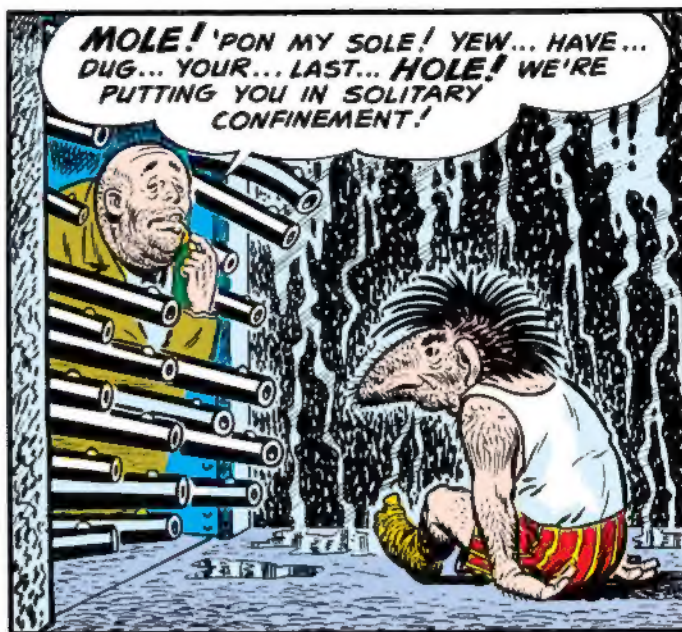
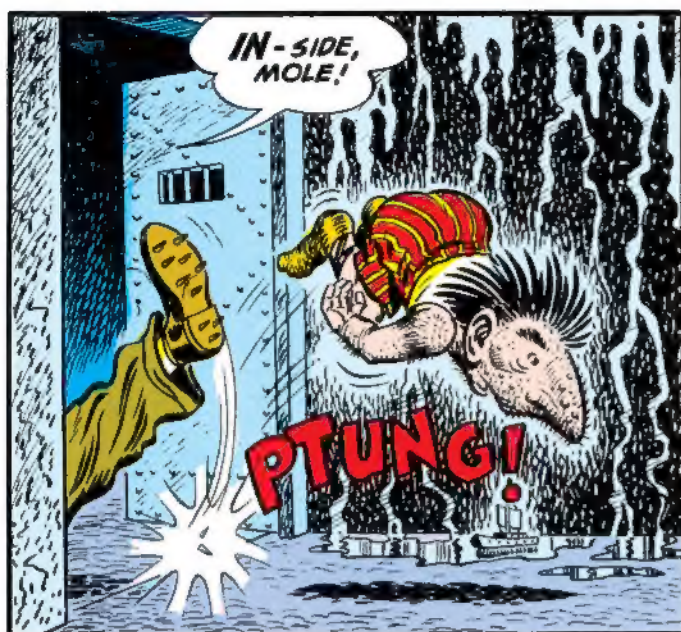
MOLE!

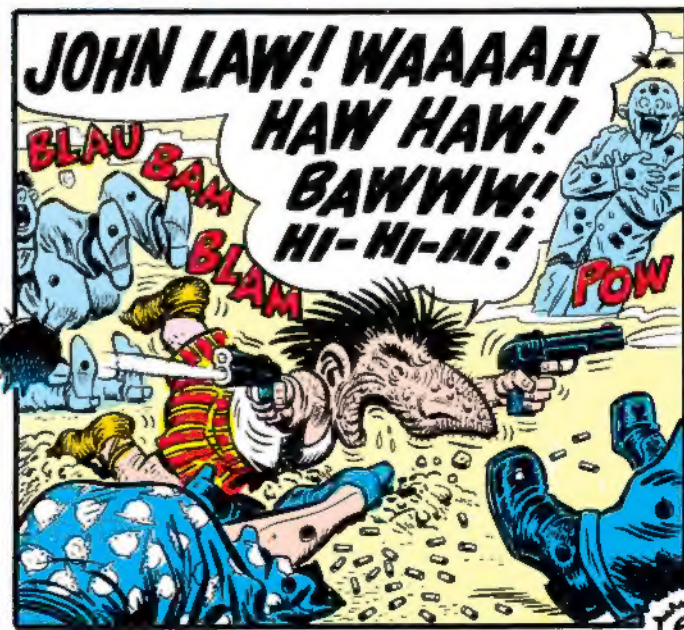
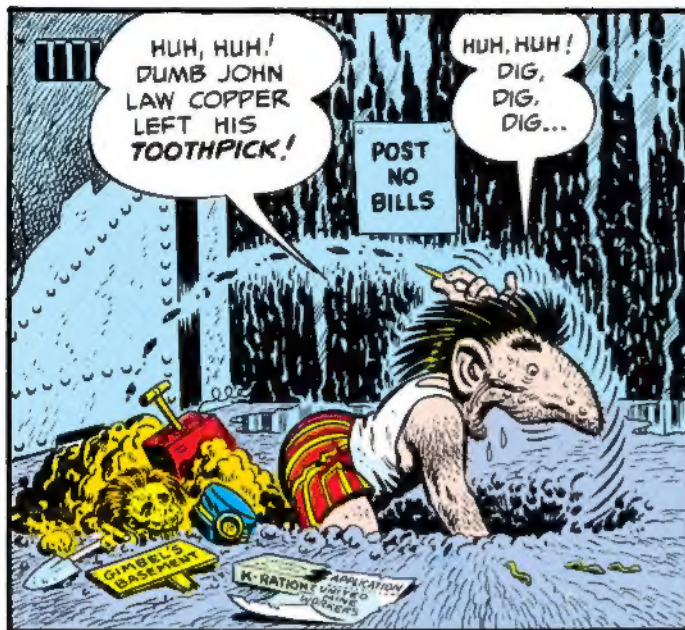


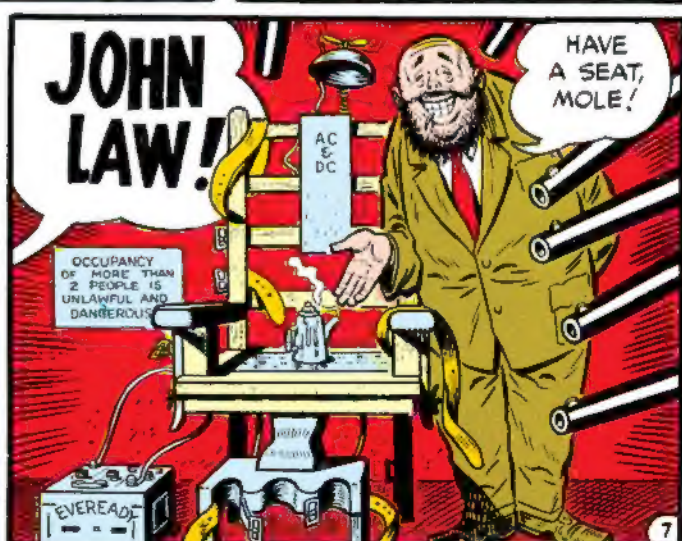
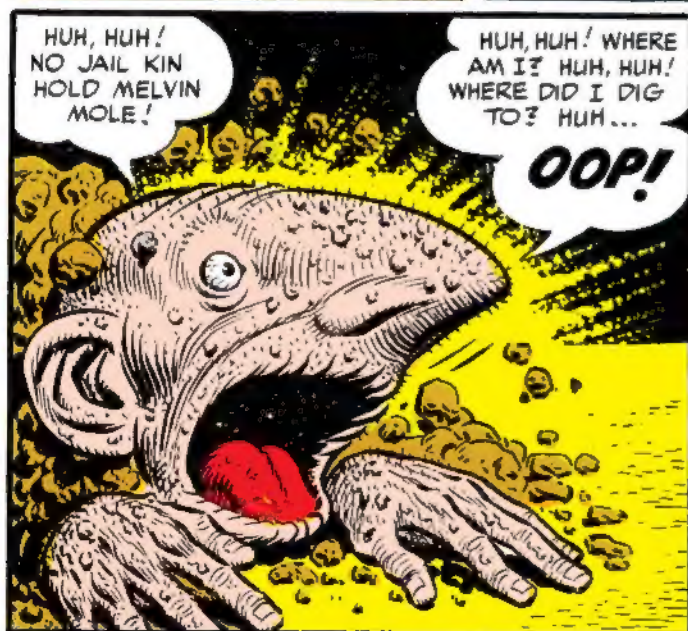
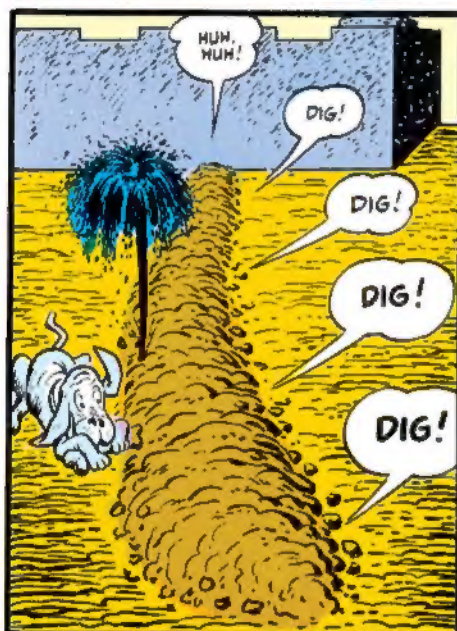
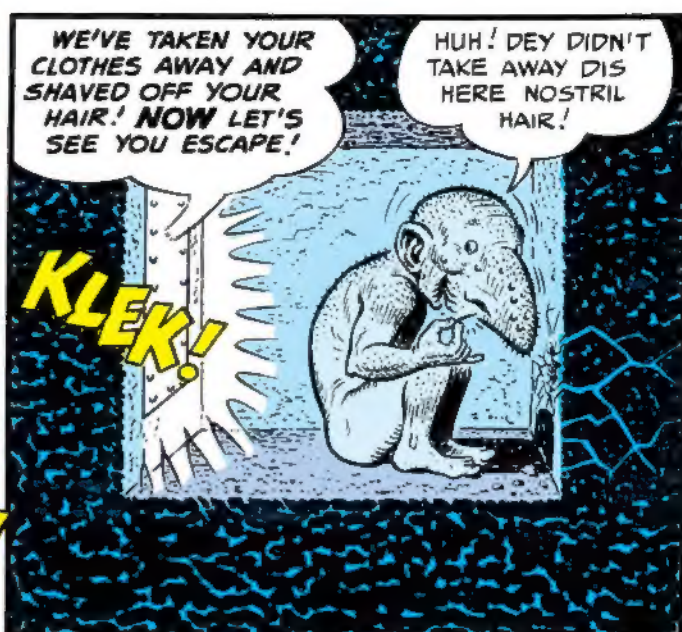
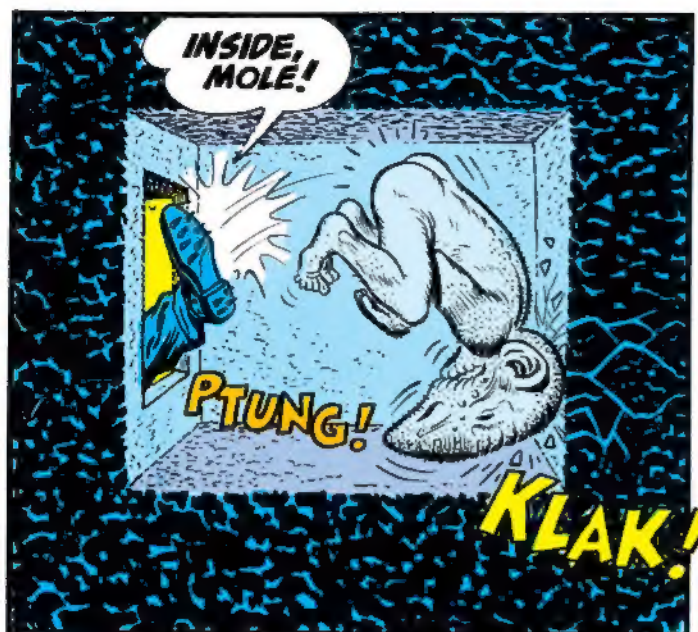












AND THAT'S THE STORY! ...THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE ...THE FELLOW WHO HEADED **STRAIGHT** FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!